

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine  
For All The Family*

AUGUST 20, 1925  
VOLUME 99, NO. 34



A SHREWD OBSERVER .  
WHEN ASKED HOW FAST  
SOUND TRAVELS .  
ANSWERED THAT IT DE-  
PENDS ENTIRELY UPON  
THE CHARACTER OF THE  
SOUND . . HE HAD KNOWN

A GENTLE BLAST ON A DINNER HORN TO  
TRAVEL A MILE IN A FEW SECONDS . WHILE  
A LOUD INVITATION TO GET UP IN THE  
MORNING HAD TAKEN AN HOUR TO GO UP  
TWO FLIGHTS OF STAIRS

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## The YOUTH'S COMPANION

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### DILATATION OF THE BRONCHIAL TUBES

**T**HIS is a not uncommon affection, though it is often mistaken for a simple chronic bronchitis or winter cough. It may be caused by a great variety of conditions, among them protracted cases of pneumonia or capillary bronchitis, whooping cough, influenza, tuberculosis and chronic bronchitis, occurring in anemic people or in convalescents from typhoid fever. It may come at any age, though perhaps it is more frequent in children and adolescents.

There may be a general swelling of the tubes, or the dilatation may involve only one bronchus and be sac-like in form, or there may be a number of sacular dilatations with the tubes normal in size in the intervening portions—something like a string of beads. The most constant symptom is a cough. That is necessary to remove the secretion which collects in the dilated parts; and it is usually worst in the morning. In bad cases the cough recurs in paroxysms several times a day.

The breathing is usually not affected, though it may become short after brisk exercise or during a coughing spell. The cough, as a rule, is easy and loose, for the secretions are abundant and not sticky. In some cases the matter coughed up may be purulent, or it may be blood-tinged or there may be occasional hemorrhages.

The treatment of dilatation of the bronchi is difficult and in any case only palliative, since it is impossible to reach the seat of the trouble and treat it directly. Sometimes the affection cures itself. That occurs chiefly in children or at an early stage of the trouble before the bronchial walls have degenerated; when the causal condition, such as chronic bronchitis or pneumonia, is cured the tubes contract again. The bronchial tubes can be reached only by the inhalation of disinfectant or germicidal vapors, and that is the most useful treatment we know of. Some mixture containing creosote is usually employed, and it is inhaled for an hour at a time several times a day. Chlorine inhalations are sometimes of service. If the patient's circumstances permit, a change of climate to a mild, dry region will make his condition more endurable.

### THE UNFAMILIAR TELEPHONE

**O**F all the white man's wonders the telephone was perhaps the most inexplicable to the savage mind—until the radio came to puzzle it still more hopelessly. The first contact of a primitive race with the telephone always produces amusing results. The explorer MacMillan tells a funny story, reprinted in the Southwestern Telephone News, about an Eskimo's experiment with a piece of telephone wire.

As the warm sun of the short northern summer melted the snow over the former camping-ground of a previous expedition, Mr. MacMillan discovered considerable debris, including some wire and one old telephone mouthpiece. His Eskimo companion showed intense interest in the white man's explanation of the use of the telephone. When the explorer turned in for a few hours' sleep, the ingenious native tried his hand at telephone line construction.

Along the bleak Arctic coast ran a straggling row of split boards about five feet high, from which was festooned a couple of hundred yards of wire. A single telephone mouthpiece dangled at one end of the line, and before it stood a solitary Eskimo. Into this improvised telephone he shouted a few words in his native language, then ran madly along the pole line, clapped the far end of the wire to his ear and listened for his own message. All he heard was the wind whistling over the ice-bound waters along the grim northwest coast of Greenland.

Disappointed, but still hopeful, the Eskimo

returned to the mouthpiece. Evidently feeling that he had not sprinted quite fast enough the first time, he repeated the process with an extra burst of speed, only to be disappointed again. Just then there appeared round the corner of the hut the white explorer who had given him the scrap wire and the old mouthpiece. Immediately the Eskimo ceased his efforts and laughingly remarked that he knew the white man was lying when he told about the telephone, for nobody could talk through a wire that had no hole in it!

However, the Eskimos are not the only persons who do not understand telephony. Incredible as it sounds, there are people in England today who do not recognize a telephone instrument when they see it! The London Telegraph and Telephone News says that a respectable-looking and seemingly well-educated Briton noticed a row of telephones on a table at the Wembley Exposition, fixed one eye at the transmitter of the nearest instrument and gazed long and earnestly into it as if it had been a spyglass. Evidently the view failed to come up to his expectations, for he tried instrument after instrument in the same way and regretfully walked off in quest of more thrilling entertainment.

### TRIMMING THACKERAY'S WHISKERS

**I**N A Nineteenth Century Childhood, her recent volume of reminiscences, Mrs. Desmond MacCarthy, niece of Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, relates how she once accompanied her beloved "Aunt Anny" to Westminster Abbey on an errand that was certainly unique. Never before had those solemn and sacred precincts been the scene of a barbering operation, nor is it likely that they ever will be again.

"For many years, whenever she went to the Abbey, Lady Ritchie had deplored the length of the whiskers on each side of the face of her father's bust. The Italian sculptor, Marochetti, made them too long, and they spoiled the likeness for her. She longed to have them clipped, and so at last she begged Onslow Ford, the sculptor, and the Dean of Westminster to let her have her wish. Rather reluctantly they consented, and one morning the two ladies, 'Aunt Anny' a trifle nervous about the 'odd little errand,' and her young niece awed and excited, drove to the Abbey, where they found the Dean ready for them. He conducted them down into the crypt, where they found Mr. Ford, his assistant, and the bust of Thackeray that had been moved there from the Poets' Corner.

"Chip, chip, chip, fly the bits under the white-bloused assistant's chisel. Mr. Ford stands by, very cross, for he does not like undoing another sculptor's work, and if the daughter of Thackeray had not happened to be such a charming old lady it is probable she would not have had her way. She laughs; admits that there is something absurd about the commission, but is firm that it shall be carried out; so she talks to him without paying any attention to his crossness and makes him at last smile as he superintends the work. Finally the bust is flicked over with a cloth, as after a shave, and it is carried up into the nave and back into its own niche, and the silence and dignity of the Abbey receive it again. We all survey the bust in silence and then disperse.

"Aunt Anny is a little emotional as she gets into the victoria, smiling at her tears, then weeping again at her smiles; she is triumphant, for it has been a great relief to her mind."

### NAILING UNCLE JOHNNY'S YARN

**I**N my boyhood, writes a correspondent, we had a neighbor who had formerly lived near the Scioto River and who was fond of telling exaggerated stories of things pertaining to the Scioto river-bottoms. He was helping thresh at my father's, and while the horses were resting (it was before the day of steam engines for threshing machines) he said to the group of men, "You ought to see one of the threshing machines they use on the Scioto river-bottoms. They will thresh three times as fast as this one."

Another neighborhood character said, "Yes, I saw one of them machines. I had been away with a drove of hogs and was coming back and stopped where one was threshing. When I came in sight of it and saw the cloud of dust I could not imagine what it was. While I was watching it I looked round and found a hatchet and some nails and drove a nail in the dust coming from the tail of that machine and hung my hat up on the nail."

Suffice it to say that Uncle Johnny told no more Scioto River stories for the time being.

### PERSIFLAGE OF THE PAVEMENTS

**A**LARGE horse-drawn dray had been held up by a policeman to allow the cross traffic to proceed. The policeman, for no apparent reason, kept the dray waiting somewhat longer than was necessary, so, although the signal was against him, the driver determined to proceed.

"Didn't you see my hand go up?" shouted the policeman.

"Well, I suddenly noticed that it got dark sudden-like," retorted the driver, "but I didn't know it was yer 'and. Yer see I had all my work cut out to keep the horses from shyin' at yer feet."



# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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## NONESSENTIAL

By Preston Decker Allen

**T**HE chief operator of the Western Radio Company surveyed the five or six operators waiting in the "static room" for their assignments. Finally his appraising eye rested on Kedwick Mason, a newcomer. He noted the tall, straight figure and the quiet, self-reliant manner of the young operator; then he beckoned Ked into his private office. When the door closed he wasted no words. "How soon could you be ready to sail?"

"As soon as I could get to the dock," answered Ked.

"You will report immediately to Captain Munson aboard the steamer Northland at pier 32. She sails in an hour." The chief operator paused a moment as if considering his words, then continued: "Captain Munson is a good skipper, but he is down on wireless and everything connected with it. He is a director of the Northern Steamship Company, which makes it still worse. The Northland is the only vessel of theirs out of a fleet of twenty-five that carries a radio outfit. We have been trying for eight years to sell them sets, but Captain Munson always hangs out against the expense. Some day he'll realize the value of radio. Make the best of your opportunities, whatever they may be. Good-by, and I wish you the best of success."

Twenty minutes later Ked was presenting his letter of assignment to the master of the Northland. After a gruff greeting he was directed to the radio room with the instruction that he was to eat at the engineers' mess and not at the officers'.

The excitement of getting the radio set into operation and sending the departure message kept Ked so busy that he had no time to ponder over his uncordial reception. In the days that followed, however, it became clear that, although the crew liked the quiet unassuming "Sparks," the skipper's attitude continued to be decidedly antagonistic.

The night before they arrived in Honolulu the captain brought Ked a message. "I want you to get this through to San Francisco tonight sure. It's very important."

"Very well, sir; I'll do my best, but the static has been bad the past two nights, and I have had a hard time in even getting our position relayed through."

The captain, with an I-thought-you'd-have-an-excuse look, left the cabin.

As soon as the eight o'clock position reports were clear Ked called KPH, whom he could hear working in spite of the static. Unable to raise him after three attempts, he called the steamer Hanlon,

which he knew was two days behind the Northland. On the second call the Hanlon answered, but with the discouraging information that he could hardly read a thing owing to the heavy QRN. Ked looked at the captain's message. It was all in code. Not much use to try code stuff on a night like that, but he would do his best. After several attempts, however, he was forced to give it up. At ten-thirty the captain called from the bridge to know if he had got the message through. Ked's heart sank as he heard the receiver bang at the other end. Time after time, all through the long hours, Ked endeavored to get the message off, but it was one of those nights during the heavy static period when it is difficult to communicate even over short distances.

When the Northland's skipper entered the radio room the following morning he found Ked asleep at his instruments and the message still on hand. The fact moved him to say a few uncomplimentary things about radio in general, and more particularly about the Northland's outfit and operator.

In Honolulu Ked was glad to get away from the unfriendly glare of the captain. During the six days the vessel was discharging and loading he left early in the morning and returned only to sleep. The yellow, sunny beaches invited him, and he swam at Waikiki every morning and afternoon. The rugged blue mountains called to him, and he hiked up the cool, narrow gulches and along the cliff trails. Night often found him perched on the edge of old Punchbowl Crater looking down upon the twinkling, rustling city below him, or seated on the cliff beneath the Diamond Head Lighthouse listening to the roar of the surf and watching the bobbing lights of the fishing sampans. It was all strange and mysterious, and he drank in eagerly all the wonders that the tropics offer to the newcomer. But all too soon it ended, and the seventh day found the Northland showing her stern to Makapuu Point in the golden flood of an Hawaiian sunset.

On the return trip matters stood as before. The night before they were due to arrive in

San Francisco Ked sat on the edge of his bunk, his feet swinging to and fro with the roll of the ship. He had just arrived at an important decision—to resign upon arrival in San Francisco—when he realized that the wind had freshened and that the Northland was making slow progress in the face of it. He turned out the light and opened the window. A heavy sea was running; the spray beat against his face as the wind whipped off the crests of the big rollers and sent them flying aft over the deck of the Northland.

It seemed to Ked that he had been asleep but a few minutes when he was awakened by a loud crash; at the same time the vessel rolled over on her starboard side so that he was almost pitched from his bunk. As he leaped to the window he was almost smothered by a huge wall of water that crashed against the side of his cabin. Above the howl of the wind he could hear a hoarse voice bellowing orders from the bridge.

After a moment of panic Ked's mind cleared. If the Northland was in trouble, his place was in the radio room. While operators of freighters are not required to stand a constant watch, they are supposed to be available at any time they are needed, day or night. Dressing hurriedly, Ked started forward.

Slowly and with difficulty he forced his way against the wind that swept along the steamer's deck with terrific force. Reaching the radio room, he was about to grasp the door handle when the Northland buried her nose in a mountainous wave. In the dim light of the deck lamps Ked could see it coming, but before he could grasp the door or lay hold of anything to steady himself he was borne before the wall of water like an empty box. His mad career ended as suddenly as it had started, and he came up against something with a terrible crash. There was a pain in his left side, and he remembered nothing more.

He became conscious of two voices yelling to each other just above his head. It was pitch dark, but he recognized the voices of the captain and the mate.

"Forward hatch cover gone; four feet of water in hold No. 1; steering gear carried away. Two boats put off already; the other is standing by for you, sir."

"Couldn't you find the wireless man?" It was the voice of Captain Munson.

"Not a trace of him. His clothes are gone, so he must have dressed."

"Left in the first boat, I suppose," replied the captain. "A small boat will have little chance of living in this sea. Stand by a few minutes while I get the papers. Put in all the spare rockets you can find; we'll probably need them."



DRAWINGS BY D. G. SUMMERS

He found Ked asleep at his instruments

Ked endeavored to call out, but his efforts were drowned in the howling wind. The position in which he was lying was not comfortable. He tried to rise but found that his left side would not respond; the pain caused by the movement made him fall back. His arm was numb. Before he could work himself free he could hear faint voices from the port side, and he surmised that the last boat was leaving the ship. He realized from the conversation he had overheard that the Northland was foundering. No wonder the skipper had no faith in the radio. This was a time when it was sorely needed, when it could do what no other agency on that open sea could do—bring help to the crew of the stricken vessel who were fighting for their lives. Ked shifted a little in order to get his right hand clear. If he could only reach the radio room! He knew, of course, that all current was off from the engine room, as there was not a light visible anywhere. But the Northland carried a full set of emergency batteries, sufficient to operate the main set for a period of four hours.

Ked felt round in the darkness until his hand came into contact with an eye bolt which protruded from the deck. Painfully, inch by inch, he dragged himself clear of the cargo gear. A roll of the Northland slid him across the slippery deck into the lee scuppers. Here he could hold on to the rail; he slowly made his way forward to a point opposite the radio cabin door. The vessel rolled over on her starboard side and he dragged himself feverishly down the sloping deck to the door of the cabin. Gritting his teeth and summoning all his strength, he managed to raise himself enough to grasp the door handle. It turned readily under his hand, but the door would not budge. He fell back exhausted. The door was wedged owing to the cabin's being wrenched out of line by the rolling of the vessel. He lay back against the deckhouse, fighting the pain that gripped his entire body. He was on the point of giving up when the Northland heeled to port and the radio-room door, released from the pressure that bound it, banged back against the side of the cabin.

Ked placed his good hand across the threshold and held on. His body shivered with the shock as the heavy door closed on his fingers. But this time it did not stick! Slowly he dragged himself across the threshold. The swinging door beat ruthlessly against his broken hip, and he cried out in pain.

Once inside, Ked worked as fast as his condition would permit. He threw the change-over switch which connected the set to the auxiliary batteries. In vain he tried to reach the push button on the operating table, which controlled the self-starter. After many failures he turned to the switchboard and pushed the contractor bar of the starter up by hand. There was a flash as the starter made contact and the current flowed to the motor. Pushing the bar up into full running position, Ked propped it in this position with the wastebasket, which stood within reach. The motor generator hummed along merrily; never had a sound been so welcome to Ked. The antenna switch was mounted close to the edge of the table and he had little difficulty in throwing it to the send position. To reach the key, however, was a different matter. It was situated near the back of the table next to the bulkhead, far out of Ked's reach. After many tries he succeeded in propping himself up on a chair so that his fingers could just touch the knob. Working his way forward he was finally able to grasp it. His first efforts at forming the characters that make up the international distress call were in vain. The cold had numbed his body so that his movements were slow and awkward, and the blood from his smashed hand caused his fingers to stick together. In one final effort he grasped the key.

"SOS, SOS," he sent as plainly as he could. As if fate were against him, the Northland took a plunge, and the chair upon which Ked had braced himself slid across the

room, leaving the exhausted boy lying on the floor under the operating table.

Yet those three letters of the international code, spat into the night from a wallowing storm-tossed hulk, produced an effect. Operators of small freighters, shivering in their cold cramped quarters, became oblivious of their discomfort, turned their tube filaments a little higher and clamped the "phones" on a little tighter. Their more fortunate brothers, sitting in the commodious steam-heated radio rooms aboard the sixteen-thousand-tonners, forgot the ever present voice of the disturbing static, forgot everything except that out on the far reaches of the great ocean men were battling for their lives with only the wireless between them and destruction. The operator at KPH, on the bleak wind-ridden cliffs north of San Francisco, snapped a curt QRT into the storm-laden night for all ships to stop sending. The big naval station at Mare Island whipped the ether on the government wave lengths with his piercing five-hundred cycle.

Five minutes after the cry of distress had come out of the night the Pacific was waiting! Gales might blow, seas run mountains high, and disaster spread itself over the broad expanse of water, but the men who go down to the sea in ships are always ready. No cry of distress ever goes unheeded. Captains stood in radio rooms beside their operators; chief engineers rolled out of their warm blankets and stood ready if more speed were needed.

In the radio cabin of the Northland Ked prepared for a final effort. The SOS alone was useless to the rescuers without the position of the ship. This he must give if the crew out there in the small boats were to be saved before the storm sent them to the bottom.

Righting the chair and pushing it over to the table, he again worked his slow, painful way to the key. Again there flashed into the storm the cry of the stricken vessel.

"SOS SOS de WCX, SS Northland, about Long. 123° 50' W., Lat. 37° 47' N. Sinking. Crew taken to boats. Heavy gale. Can't last long—" Ked's hand slipped off the key and the spark stopped in a sickening sputter. He had sent the last position the captain had given him about ten o'clock the night before.

Fifty miles away the steamer Hilo, knocking out sixteen knots, with the wind astern on her run from San Francisco to Honolulu, described a wide circle and headed back over her course. Her captain after checking up his own position figured he could reach the position given in the message in about three hours.

The stations ashore were not idle. As the Hilo swung and stood away into the wind the commandant of the Twelfth Naval District was giving orders over the telephone. There was a rattle of anchor chains in the hawser pipes and out of man-of-war row poked the gray nose of a destroyer. The Emerald could do thirty-eight knots, and there were fires in all her boilers. Fifteen minutes later the Cliff House was abeam and she was taking the sea on her port quarter. Forty minutes later she was clear of the Farallones and was headed south by west while her turbines sang merrily. Huge rollers swept her fore and aft; the spray whipped about her funnels in its mad rush before the wind. Her hull shook as her screws raced in the air. She rolled and dived, but she did not falter on her course. Exchanging positions with the Hilo, she found that owing to her greater speed she would reach the scene of the disaster as soon as the liner.

Two hours and a half later the Hilo's sixteen-inch searchlight began sweeping the sea. After thirty minutes of fruitless effort the path of light crossed a spot that stood out against the dark background of the water. A

ship's boat! Carefully, so as not to lose the first one, the searchlight picked out another and still another, all within a quarter of a mile of one another.

At quarter speed, with the chief engineer at the throttle, the Hilo approached the bobbing boats. It is a ticklish job for a big ship to pick up a small boat in a heavy sea during daylight hours, and at night it requires the skill of an expert. But the man on the bridge of the Hilo was a master of his profession. Under his skillful manœuvring, the big liner ran up to the wind and came round so as to make a lee. Then with quarter speed to keep her in the wind she drifted down on the small boats. Sea ladders were dropped and one by one the crews of the boats were taken aboard.

Captain Munson's first thought was for the safety of his crew. "Check up and see that everyone is accounted for," he said to his mate. "And send that radio operator to me," he added grimly.

"Lucky thing you happened along," Captain Munson continued as he followed the Hilo's master to his cabin. "What are you doing away over here. Wind take you off your course? One time when the wind was a blessing, for, if you hadn't been off your course, you'd never have seen our rockets."

Captain Harvey looked hard at the other, then from his pocket he slowly drew a slip of yellow paper. A radio message blank! He handed it to the wondering skipper.

"Rockets? That's the reason we're off our course. Couldn't have seen a rocket a mile on a night like this."

Briefly Captain Harvey explained how they had received the distress call from the Northland and the subsequent message giving her position.

"But our wireless man beat it in the first boat!" exclaimed the other. Then something besides the vibrating of the Hilo's big hull caused the message to tremble in his hand. A rap sounded at the door. His mate came in to report.

"All hands safe except the wireless man, sir. No one has seen him in any of the boats."

The skipper of the Northland bowed his head. The man he had regarded as a coward, who he thought had a yellow streak, was somewhere out there in the night, going bravely to his death that others might live. Quick to condemn a coward, Captain Munson was as quick to respect a brave man.

"Is there nothing we can do?" he said desperately to the other captain.

"We'll stand by until daylight, and if she's still afloat we'll try and find her, but this has been an awful night outside." The skipper of the Hilo turned away and fumbled in his pocket. He too respected a brave man.

As the two captains made the bridge sometime later they were joined by the chief radio operator.

"We're getting signals from the Northland again, sir. He evidently doesn't know that the boats have been picked up, and he's sending out dashes so that ships may get the direction. His receiver must be out of commission because he doesn't answer our calls."

"Thank God! We may get to her yet before she goes down," said Captain Munson, turning to the Hilo's skipper. Captain Harvey, however, was already giving directions to the operator.

"Stick right with him and let me know if the signals change in strength. We'll change our course to follow the direction he should be drifting. Tell the destroyer that we have picked up the Northland's crew, but that the radio man is still aboard and that we are going after him."

The destroyer came back with the encouraging information that she had already picked up the dashes from the Northland on her direction finder, and in a few minutes she was able to give the Hilo the derelict's position. As

day appeared over the horizon, the two rescue vessels stood away on courses that would bring them together, sooner or later, at the approximate position of the foundering freighter.

And from the swinging aerial of the Northland signals came at intervals—only the ship's call, jerkily sent, and a few dashes, but it was enough.

Ked had realized that even with the ship's position known it might be many hours before a rescue ship could reach the boats. Without some indication of their position, they might never be found. So he had set himself to send out a signal every few minutes, until his batteries ran down. This would be a guide for the rescuers. His injured hip had long ago made it impossible for him to crawl upon the chair to send, so he had twisted the wires off the key and carried them over to the starting panel. Here he could lie in one position, work the starter and make signals by tapping the two ends of the wires together. He wanted to say something about his own plight, but he knew that the storage batteries would not last forever, and he must save every ounce of their energy. And to Ked this was duty—the thing that some scoff at and others die for. But in the annals of the sea there is no place for scoffers, and Ked had long ago given up hope of being rescued. His only prayer was that the boats would be picked up before the batteries were dead.

The coming of the sun brought a lifting of the haze that had reduced visibility since dawn. As the atmosphere cleared there came into the vision of the small group of men on the Hilo's bridge the object of their night-long search. What had a few hours before been a fine freighter was now a water-logged wreck. Her hull had settled until her main deck was awash. Her after deck had been swept clear of gear. A cargo boom had broken adrift and swung to and fro with the roll of the vessel.

As they drew down upon the wreck, the after port-side lifeboat was made ready. Captain Munson and volunteers from his own crew manned it. As they pulled away for the Northland the destroyer came up and stood by.

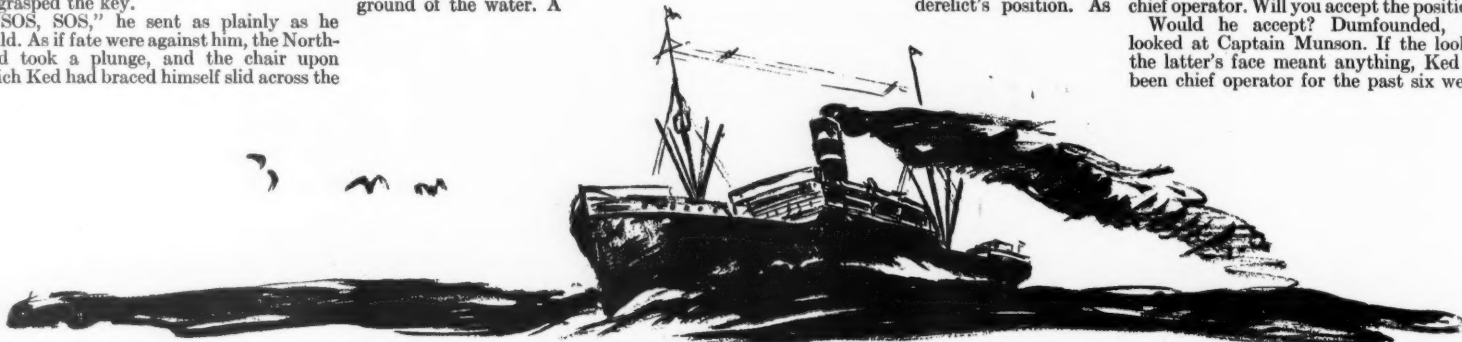
Captain Munson drove his boat alongside the wallowing freighter and, grasping the main deck railing, pulled himself aboard. Without waiting for the others he ran forward to the radio room. The door was jammed and would not budge under his powerful yanks. Calling to one of the men to bring an oar, he threw his body against the door in hopes of loosening it. As it did not move, he waited for his men to come up. With feverish haste he splintered the panels with the butt of the oar. At last the door gave way. Captain Munson was the first inside.

On the floor at his feet, his body twisted, his face and hands caked with blood, lay the boy he had called a coward. The skipper saw the tangled wires, the wastebasket propping up the now useless starter. Awkwardly but tenderly he and his fellow volunteer picked up the unconscious form of his wireless man. After they got him on board the Hilo the ship's doctor advised that he be transferred to the destroyer and taken to San Francisco as speedily as possible.

For three weeks Ked hovered between life and death. At last came the day when he was discharged from the hospital. Captain Munson took him to the office of the steamship company, where he introduced him to the president and other officials.

"Mr. Mason," said the president, "you have shown the directors of this company that it is high time we get in step with progress. We have already contracted for radio equipment for every vessel of our fleet. This represents an expenditure of one hundred thousand dollars. It will be a big job to look after the personnel and equipment of this new organization. We are looking for a chief operator. Will you accept the position?"

Would he accept? Dumfounded, Ked looked at Captain Munson. If the look on the latter's face meant anything, Ked had been chief operator for the past six weeks!



The Hilo swung and stood away into the wind



## Chapter Eight

## News from California

SUE sat in the shade afforded by two trees. Young trees they were, not more than fifteen feet high, and the shadows were delicate and flickering. But they were the only trees in the area of a square mile, and what devoted care had been bestowed to bring them to their present growth!

"We pet and cajole and almost worship these spindly saplings, mother, to persuade them to grow," Sue had said. "In the Northwest people are wearing out their lives getting rid of the trees; slashing, burning and dynamiting. It means work, work, either place."

Now it was a clear, bright Saturday morning in July, and Sue had spread a rug in the "shadow effect," as she termed this scanty shade, and was sitting there looking over the yearbook of the Franklin High, which a former classmate had sent her. There was also a catalogue from Washington University to be studied and a late Seattle newspaper to be read. In five minutes Sue was back in the city on the Sound, dreaming of its mists and sunshine.

Andrew threw himself down beside her, sprawling his gawky long-legged frame over paper and books.

"Think, Andy, of the number in my old class in Franklin, and only eight in my class here! Eunice sent me an invitation to the exercises. The senior ball was wonderful—the loveliest decorations!"

"Too bad you couldn't have finished there," commented Andrew.

But Sue laughed. "Oh, I don't know. Sunnyview High isn't so bad. I guess I'm getting reconciled to being a big frog in a little puddle instead of a tadpole in a big lake."

"But you were quite some splash in the big water, if I remember," said Andrew.

"The credits are the thing! And I've nabbed thirty-four. Imagine me sauntering about the university campus. I'll burst with joy!"

"Think I'll go to the Idaho Tech when my time comes—another year."

"You'll be nearer home. That's the only thorn for me—to be so far away."

"Why, here's Lorena!" Andrew drew his gangling self together. "Welcome to the forest primeval," he said, and Lorena sank down beside them.

"I walked," she said, "because it was less work than to catch up a horse. My, but it's hot!"

"I'll get you a drink," Andrew rose with alacrity. He admired Lorena immensely.

"Make it lemonade," suggested Sue.

She turned to Lorena as Andrew strode away; they were deep in the university catalogue when he came back. Lorena found time to thank him with the upward glance of clear blue eyes that always made the color burn in his face. Sue accepted her glass and sipped it absently. She was telling Lorena all about the campus and Lake Washington; of the wide choice of studies; of the rosebordered walks as she remembered them; of how she had planned to go to the university for years and years, and now at last—

And Lorena, Andrew noticed, listened, but failed to make her usual sympathetic comments; he noticed also that she drank her lemonade hurriedly, then set the glass down and doubled her fists as if to keep a grip on herself. But in spite of this she had to swallow and swallow to keep the lump out of her throat and wink and wink to keep the tears back and bite her lip to keep it from trembling, and then, after all, she had to spoil Sue's pæan by bursting into tears.

"Why—why—dearest!" Sue was bewildered.

Andrew threw his sister a glance of fiery reproach. "Couldn't you see that she couldn't stand it—the way you were piling it up and rubbing it in?" he growled. Then

# LADY CARRUTHERS

By Katherine M. Harbaugh

he turned on his heel and walked off in a huff.

Sue, still bewildered by Andrew's remark, looked after him blankly, then took Lorena in her arms. "For goodness sake, Lorena, what have I done—what have I said? Believe me, I never meant—"

"Oh—oh!" wailed Lorena, "I—I ju-just c-c-can't bear to have y-y-you go. Oh, S-Sue, I—I-w-want to go—to-o-o!"

Sue, at last enlightened, caressed and

"Who's the California correspondent?" he asked.

Sue scanned the address. "I'm as much at sea as you are," she replied and ripped open the envelope. "Why-ee!" she exclaimed. "There's a letter enclosed to Mrs. Rebecca Babcock Carruthers. This is from Mrs. Palmer—you remember the woman who called on Grandma?"

Together they read:



DRAWN BY R. W. AMICK

"Too bad you couldn't have finished there," commented Andrew

Dear friend:

The time I've had! If I ever see you, I'll tell you about it. Would take too long to write. But anyway, I have been successful in tracing Templeton Babcock. And what do you think? It sounds like a fairy tale—but he is wealthy! Simply rolling in money! He hasn't had it long. Lady Carruthers mentioned that he was a great one for taking chances. Well, he was lucky this time, for, while thousands have lost who invested in oil wells here, he was the exception, and once he got going he kept right on and was shrewd enough to reinvest most of the oil money in more substantial property, so he isn't apt to be poor again tomorrow, like so many of these oil magnates.

He was delighted beyond words to be put in touch with his sister. But I had quite a time convincing him. He had heard that she was dead years ago. If she had not told me about his throwing a cup at her in a childish fracas, I don't know whether he would have believed. He did not even know about her son.

I am inclosing his letter to Grandma. You can thus break the news to her before you deliver it.

Sincerely yours,  
Georgianna Palmer.

They read with breathless attention. At the conclusion Andrew tossed his hat in the air, let out a wild Indian whoop and raced to the house with the girls close at his heels. Such news was too good to keep.

"We must deliver Grandma's letter right away," said Sue when her mother had been told.

"I'll drive you over in the fliv," offered Andrew. "I'm keen to see Lady Carruthers in all her glory."

"Poverty didn't crush her," said Sue. "I wonder how prosperity will affect her."

Mrs. Harris was anxious. "How will you tell her, girls? Her heart used to bother her."

"Joy seldom kills," quoted Sue. "We must be careful," said Lorena. They found the old woman and Jason

feeding the little chickens. "Four hundred thoroughbreds," she said proudly, "and I haven't lost one yet. But I'm turning into an old hen sure enough. I do everything for them but cluck. This is their fourth meal today. We've just finished, so let's go in the house. The sun's broiling. You come, too, Jason, and rest a spell from that grubbing."

The girls and Andrew were bubbling with excitement. Sue vainly sought for some good beginning while the others talked of little everyday affairs. Mrs. Carruthers kept casting quick birdlike glances at her, and at last she exclaimed, "Has the cat got your tongue, Sue? Something's happened! I can see that. Why don't you out with it?"

"Well, what do you think it is, Lady Carruthers? You told me you had your second sight. Now, tell us what you see." Sue's tone was serious.

The old woman closed her small dark eyes for a moment and clenched her hands over the arms of her rocking chair. When she opened her eyes she gazed at Sue wistfully. "Nothing's as hard as waiting, Sue. Waiting

to hear, waiting to see—Maybe it's because I've had him in my mind so much lately, but I—I have a notion it's something about Templeton. Tell me—quick!"

"Yes, Grandma," said Sue, "but it's good news."

"Oh, thanks be!" murmured the old lady, seizing Lorena's hand. "Then he must be living. Oh! I've thought so often lately how comfortable I could make him now that Jason and I are getting on our feet. Poor Temp! He's only a little younger than I. And an old man, when he's down and out, does seem so pitiful!"

"We'll help him, mother," said Jason; "he won't need to suffer any longer."

"Where is he, Sue? Is he in a poorhouse?" Grandma asked falteringly. "Don't be scared to tell me; I can stand anything." She visibly braced herself for what was to come.

"You poor dear!" exclaimed Lorena. "Do give her the letter, Sue."

The old woman pressed the letter against her cheek, then asked Lorena to read it for her. "I—I can't see it. I—I've got to cry," she confessed, and while the happy

tears welled up and flowed softly down her wrinkled face Lorena read the letter to most attentive auditors. Then Mrs. Carruthers took the letter from Lorena and asked Sue to read it again. After the second reading she wiped her eyes and began to smile. Color glowed in her cheeks.

"Temp, Temp, young Temp,—married,—three children and five grandchildren!" she exclaimed. "I can't take that in some way. And rich—rich! Living in a palace instead of the poorhouse! Isn't that a miracle? And saying I can have anything in reason I want! Offering me thousands and thousands! Wants us to make our home with them—Jason and me—and is coming after me next month! Pinch me, Jason! Wake me up, Lorena! I must be dreaming. Such things just don't happen."

Jason laughed at her, but with a great wonder in his own eyes; Lorena kissed her, and the others congratulated her. "I suppose the community loses its grandma, then," said Andrew.

"Suppose again!" said the old woman. "I'll be tickled to see Temp, and I might take a trip out to see his home and family sometime,—when the chickens get feathered out,—but I couldn't leave them now. They'd all die without the best care."

"But, Lady Carruthers, you don't have to raise chickens, now," Sue reminded her. "Watch me, Sue!" retorted Grandma.

"We'll have the finest poultry ranch in Idaho. We were going to have that, anyhow, but now I can rush things, for Temp says I can have anything in reason. Model poultry houses, thoroughbred stock—that's what we want, isn't it Jason?"

"Yes, mother," said Jason, smiling. "I'm glad you want to go on with our plans."

"Sure, I want to go on with our plans," asserted Mrs. Carruthers. "We'll have a

(Concluded on next page.)

# THE RIVER ROAD *By Charlotte E. Wilder*

"GOING canoeing?" called Marion, from her comfortable seat on the porch of the cottage.

"Yes; there's room for two, you know," was her sister's answer, as she unlocked the door of the little shed and began pulling the canoe down the path to the river.

"Thanks, but I'm expecting John and Edna Safford this afternoon. I think I'll not budge."

"Who are they?"

"You remember. Those new people over at the Forks. I don't know how they're going to get here, because mother says the roads are in an awful state, but I can't risk missing them."

"Of course not," said Evelyn, picking her paddle discriminatingly from a number that lay on the shelf, and throwing an extra cushion in for good measure. "I want to meet them myself. I have to do a little errand up in the village, and then I'll hurry back."

"Well, for goodness' sake, be careful. The river's pretty swollen from the storm. You'll have to look out for the current near Burnham's bridge—sometimes it carries you right into the supports."

"My dear sister," said Evelyn haughtily, "kindly remember that I was learning to canoe when you were learning to walk. However, thank you humbly for the hint."

She waved her handkerchief airily, knelt in the stern of the canoe and drew away from the pier with long graceful sweeps of the paddle. Up the green water she slid, keeping close under the trees, where long, dark shadows lay and where clouds of summer insects swarmed and dipped over the surface.

The current was strong—there was no mistake about that. Robust as she was, and accustomed to sports, Evelyn felt her arms ache with the force she had to put into each long, slow stroke. Up and up the canoe thrust its nose, until Burnham's Bridge came in sight. The river narrowed above the bridge—it was really only a tumultuous stream there; the trees seemed to put out long leafy arms, trying to touch across it. Evelyn could see the water bubbling and boiling in white foam round the two strong cement bulwarks that held the sturdy little bridge.

"It was a regular storm, all right," she muttered and pulled her boat with difficulty through the calmer of the two passages under the bridge. With a deft push and thrust she swung her head round, so that it lay across



DRAWN BY M. DE V. LEE

*The canoe swung round and tugged at her, trying to escape*

the broad pillar, and for a moment rested there, breathing hard. When she was ready, she would slide across to the nearest bank and pull her canoe up the sloping ground, before she ran across the fields to the village store.

As she waited, her eyes shut, she heard a faint, far call—some one hallooing from upstream. She looked and saw a bobbing something—brown with a touch of fluttering white—floating far up the stream.

"Some silly picnickers, trying to rock the boat," she thought with quick annoyance; in the next look she saw that it was their hands they were waving and that their canoe was drifting on, without a paddle, at the mercy of the current. It came, borne like a leaf; it might capsize, though the water was not choppy, but smooth and swift. It would doubtless crash against the bridge and throw the occupants into the deep swirling flood.

Evelyn leaned forward against one of the thwart, faint at the thought of what might happen. Plans of rescue flashed through her brain, all hazardous and none carrying with it the faintest chance of success.

Suddenly her eye was caught by something on the bank a little way up the stream. A white birch, one of a clump, thrust its curved

slim trunk out over the water; its white tattered bark fluttered as if to gain her attention. She measured the distance quickly with her eye. It was worth trying; anything was worth trying in such a moment.

Again she forced the head of the canoe up the stream, cleaving the thick, stubborn water with all her might. The prow swung to the side with every stroke; she turned it back persistently, and by slow inches crawled forward and sidewise until the boat touched the shore. Her arm shot up and round the white trunk, and crooking her elbow, she hugged it to her side. The canoe swung round and tugged at her, trying to escape, but her knees gripped it firmly. The other canoe was almost upon them, and many yards below waited the bridge with its two narrow openings.

Evelyn stretched her other arm, as far as she could, holding the paddle by the very tip. Surely the strangers' canoe would swing near enough for one of them to seize it. But there was a twist in the current; the canoe drifted outward and left a tiny breadth of space between the paddle and the finger tips of the girl who was reaching as far as she dared.

Before the length of the canoe could pass out of range Evelyn measured the distance to the boy in the stern and, leaning far over,

loosed her hold on the tree as she tossed the paddle to him. She saw his fingers close round the handle; then her canoe rolled over.

Not for nothing had she practiced diving and rolling from her canoe in the summer vacations. In a minute she was up, one hand gripping the edge of the canoe, the other clutching for a hold on the bushes that overhung the river. Inch by inch she dragged herself up on the low shore and pulled her canoe after her.

The couple were safe, she had seen, but they had had a nerve-testing moment guiding the canoe through the arch. "Whew," she whistled and sat down to make an inventory of her bruised person.

Another shout brought her to attention. "Does somebody else need rescuing?" she thought with humorous despair. Then she realized that her new friends on the other side of the bridge were trying to turn round and come up to the shore on the lower side of it.

She sprang up the bank, stepped on to the bridge and, leaning over and making a megaphone of her hands, called, "Don't come back. I'm going to run home, to warm up. Do you know where Wilson's pier is?"

"Yes, we do."

"You can leave the paddle there when you are through with it."

"All right, and thanks awfully."

"It wasn't anything," she replied. "Good-by."

Fifteen minutes later Evelyn might have been seen creeping through a hole in the hedge at the back of the house, if there had been anyone to look. Sixteen minutes later, sneaking in through the back door, she fell over a large-sized mop, and the large-sized clatter was answered by her sister's voice.

"Oh, so you're back, are you?" she called. "Mother's just gone down the walk to meet the Saffords. Come on with me; they'll want to see you." She had followed her voice and now stood astonished in the kitchen door. "Well, what in—"

But Evelyn was not listening. She stood transfixed, staring over Marion's shoulder at a boy and girl who stood in the hall staring at her.

"How do you d-do?" she stammered. "Very well, thanks to you," said the boy, smiling, but his eyes were serious.

"I didn't know you knew each other," said Marion in amazement.

Evelyn plucked at her skirt, which was trailing drops over the floor. She smiled mysteriously and said, "We met this afternoon—by accident—on the river road."

## (LADY CARRUTHERS—concluded)

deep well dug on that lower forty right in Dry Creek's bed, and right next the highway, so that everybody can get plenty of water free—neighbors and travelers too. We'll show Silas Swinn the way to act!"

"Fine!" applauded Andrew.

"The poor stock can drink, too," said Grandma, still thinking of her well. "I'll have a trough built outside the fence. Oh, won't it be grand, grand, grand! And I won't forget my best friends and my dear grandchildren either," she concluded. "If Temp's got all that money and wants me to help him spend it, I reckon I won't be any slouch about it. I'll pay everybody back what they've done for me, and then I'll make some presents. O my, but it surely is more blessed to give than to receive." She was silent a moment, eyes closed, lips moving in silent prayer; then: "What was that you told me of the expectation of life that you instructed Silas Swinn about, Sue?" she asked.

"I told him he had fifteen years' expectation," Sue replied, wondering what was in the old woman's mind.

"Then I guess my expectation is already

used up," said Mrs. Carruthers, grimly, "and I'll aim to do all I can as quick as possible. I want to have a kind of pavilion built here on the hill. I've often thought how nice that would be. We can have it all screened in, and by piping water I could grow vines and shrubs. I want it for a resting place for the traveling public. Just think, if that tourist lady hadn't stopped here I'd never have heard of Templeton."

They talked for a while of the kindness of Mrs. Palmer. "I'll have to see her when I take that trip to California," said Grandma. Presently she turned to Sue. "You still aiming to go to that high college?" she asked. "Well, well," she said regretfully when Sue had assured her that such was her intention. "I can't see the use of young women learning so much. A woman just naturally knows lots of things—the most important things too—without studying them. But if you must, Lorena ought to go too. She'll naturally pine away without you."

"Oh, that's exactly what we were talking about when your letter came," said Sue. "I'd just found out she wanted to go, and we were wondering,—that is, we were discussing,—well," Sue floundered and stopped,

warned by a look in Lorena's blue eyes. "Why, what a shame!" was the thought that flew through Sue's head. "Now we can't talk freely and openly with Grandma any more. She's rich! We'll be afraid she might think we were hinting for things."

Keen black eyes turned from one face to the other and studied them calculatingly; then the little old woman bounced up and grasped Sue's shoulders and shook her as vigorously as her strength allowed. "Why—why, Grandma!" protested Sue; but Grandma let go of her only to turn, and subject Lorena to the same treatment. Jason's serious face softened to smiles, and Andrew doubled up with laughter.

"Land sakes!" stormed Lady Carruthers with a final jolt. "I know what you were figuring over, and I know what's in your two silly heads this very minute. Feel as if you couldn't tell me things! Going to hold me off and act strange with me! You shan't do it! Guess I know all that would hinder Lorena from being your shadow, Sue. Guess her mammy told me she was willing for her to go if she had the coin, and I reckon I know why you're acting so mealy-mouthed about telling me. But, please," her exas-

perated tones grew coaxing, "please, you won't shut me out like that from your lives, will you? Not when you know that the greatest joy I'll get out of that fortune Temp is giving me will come from sharing it with others. Now, will you, girls?" she pleaded.

"We love you just the same, Grandma," Lorena assured her.

"But we don't want to be hinting, greedy, grasping grandchildren," explained Sue.

The old woman looked at them fondly. "Lorena's going to the high college, that's settled right here," she said emphatically. "And to think," she went on with wonder, "to think young Temp has got him a wife and three children and five grandchildren! And he lives in a palace! Well, I've got him bested." She drew up her slight form proudly. "I'm Lady Carruthers of Carruthers Castle, and I'm Grandma to the whole of Sunnyview. Oh, I guess Templeton will soon see that he hasn't got anything on Rebecca Babcock Carruthers."

"Bully for you!" exclaimed Andrew.

The old woman smiled; then her eyes wandered to the clock. "Land sakes alive!" she cried. "It's time to feed those little chicks."

THE END.



# SILVER DRIFT

By Frank Lillie Pollock

## II

### A CHARRED WRECK

"SO that," Matt exclaimed, "was what you wanted the buckshot shells for!"

"Well, we might have needed them," said Walter dispiritedly. "You see, Macdonald was keeping the news quiet about his rich strike. He wanted to buy up the adjoining properties cheap. But he took out a lot of high-grade silver ore, crushed it at the mine and concentrated it—sorted out the richest lumps, you know. They put up the concentrates in bags, six or eight tons of it, rich stuff, running over a thousand ounces of silver to the ton."

"The intention was to ship it by rail to the reduction plant. It went down to Scotland Harbor, but how the bags got aboard the barge Dan hasn't the slightest idea. He never gave the order. It must have been the foreman in charge of the loading. Dan was up in the town buying horses for the mine and didn't get to the wharf till the Iroquois was ready to sail."

"They'd been out an hour when he happened to hear from the captain that a lot of bagged-up ore was in the barge. He made them haul up and put him aboard the barge to keep an eye on things. There wasn't any danger, so far as he knew, but it was his responsibility, and the concentrates shouldn't have been there."

"But how did they get there? Was it a mistake?" Roll asked.

"How'll we know? Dan suspects that it was a plant. They'd had trouble with ore-stealing last summer. Dan fired a foreman named Mitchell. I saw him when I was up there. And why was that big skiff towed after the barge? It isn't usual. Dan thinks that the plan may have been for the hand on the barge to load up the skiff with the best of the concentrates and get ashore with it during the night. Probably the breaking of the hawser spoiled the scheme, or changed it. Anyway—somebody's got away with the whole cargo."

"Six or eight tons—a big load to steal," Roll murmured thoughtfully, and they were all silent.

"It was Dan's blunder or neglect," Walter repeated. "He wants to resign his job or try to make the loss good. I tell you, boys, we've just got to find that barge! It can't possibly have been moved far yet."

"No," said Matt; "it must be within a mile or so, likely hidden somewhere. It would need a tug to pull it. Might have been poled. Slow business either way."

"We're not beaten yet!" Roll exclaimed. "If it's above water, we'll locate it. All aboard!"

With reviving hopes they got into the boat again, and Roll headed the Kingfisher eastward, for it was almost certain that the mysterious ore-pirates would make for the inner recesses of the archipelago. It was growing dusk, but they swept and circled and wound through a couple of miles of devious channels, scanning with redoubled attention every bay or recess where a barge might be hidden. Then they had to give it up for that night, but Matt climbed the tallest tree he could find and looked far over the wilderness in the vain hope of seeing some glow of a distant camp fire.

It turned much colder that night, and in the morning the shores were bordered with a yard of thin ice. They finished the bread for breakfast; the fresh meat was gone, and Matt stirred up oatmeal cakes and cut the bacon sparingly. Afterwards Walter saw him inspecting the stores anxiously.

"All right; enough for another day or two," he said. "We've been eating too much. Have to go on rations, for there's no telling now when we get home. Maybe we can shoot something."

They might make a dash out for provisions. But that, perhaps, would mean a fatal delay. A severe cold snap might close the waterways. One way or the other, a risk had to be taken. But surely,

Walter thought, the barge would be found that day, if it could be found at all.

Matt kept Roll's repeating shotgun handy all that morning, but no sort of game showed itself. There was no wild life, in fact, except an occasional swimming muskrat that dived at the thudding of the motor propeller, and the inevitable whiskey jacks squalling from the hemlocks.

They steered far in towards the mainland, exploring hundreds of devious straits, wide and narrow, broad, lagoon-like stretches, rock-bound channels, far southward, and then round northward, again into the bitterly cold wind. In spite of their heavy pea-jackets and sweaters the boys were chilled and stiff, and at the noon halt it took several minutes of stamping about and pints of boiling tea to restore their circulation.

That afternoon proved equally fruitless. They swept a wide circle round to the north, almost to the outer bay, and then came upon something that they had not passed before.

It was a well-built log cabin, evidently a summer fishing cottage, standing on the shore of an island of perhaps ten acres. There was a stone chimney, a lean-to shed of planks; a painted board nailed to the corner of the building bore the words "Detroit Camp."

"Summer cottage of some Detroit people," surmised Roll. "Might possibly buy something to eat there. Let's explore."

There was a little rough log pier where they got ashore. The front door of the camp was bolted on the inside, but Matt contrived to open the door of the lean-to, which was secured only with a hook, and they entered the cabin, which had plainly been unused for several weeks.

It consisted of a single, neat, comfortable room with a plank floor, small glass windows, a big stone-built fireplace and four bunks with spring mattresses in a double tier at one end. A few tables and chairs were all the furniture; deer's horns and a pair of old snowshoes hung over the mantel, but all the bedding and loose articles had been removed.

In the lean-to there was a rusty cookstove, a cupboard and a workbench with a vise, a hammer, an old saw and a quantity of scattered wood, metal and nails. An empty gasoline-tin or two indicated that a motor boat had been kept. There was no indication of anything to eat, however, till Matt unearthed from the cupboard a package of mouldy raisins, a small lump of ancient lard and about a gallon of musty oatmeal. It was extremely disappointing. They had hoped for a store of tinned goods, which they could appropriate, leaving cash in payment, according to backwoods custom. They lingered drearily in the big, bare living room. Scatter-

ing snowflakes were falling outside. There were still a couple of hours of gray daylight, but they all hung back from going on the water again; they decided to spend that night in some comfort under cover.

Roll and Walter brought in quantities of wood from a great pile outside the door and made a roaring blaze in the fireplace. Matt lighted the cookstove, which smoked badly, and prepared supper thereon, a scanty, carefully rationed meal, which nevertheless cheered them wonderfully. The big, fire-lit room was warm and cosy after the small tent; the camp seemed almost luxurious, and the spring mattresses in the bunks where they spread their blankets were most luxurious of all.

The rest and comfort did them good, and they faced the next morning with renewed spirits. It had frozen hard again. The shore ice had spread out four or five feet, and they had to chop the Kingfisher from the pier with an axe. The engine started with difficulty, but once warmed up it thudded steady and strong, and they beat back into the labyrinthine waterways again.

Probably they went through the same channels more than once; it was an endless succession of water, jungle, rock. They went far east, then south. It was very cold. Twice that forenoon they had to land to warm themselves, and they could almost see the ice films forming on the surface of the still water. The wash of the Kingfisher's wake crashed on the shore ice, the morning went by without their sighting anything, and the depression of the preceding day returned.

Hot tea revived them at noon, but it was hard to know which way to turn next. They seemed to have searched everywhere for miles. Roll drove the boat slowly and at random, steering west again, approaching the bay.

Walter's mind was sorely tormented. He was risking his friend's boat, and perhaps the lives of all of them. He knew that they would stand by him as long as he persisted in the search, but he had hardly the right to take more chances, which must grow slimmer every day.

"There's a deer on that island!" Matt suddenly exclaimed.

They all looked. It was a big island, several hundred yards long, densely grown up with scrubby pines and cedars, and a rocky promontory made a little bay just ahead, frozen completely over.

"Oh, I didn't see him," Matt continued. "But look! There's the hole he broke in the ice this morning to drink, and I can see the mark where his hind foot slid a little on the shore."

Deer are not common so far out on the islands, but animals sometimes become be-

wildered, swimming from land to land, not knowing the direction of the shore. They were all staring at the impenetrable cedar jungles when the boat's nose rammed something like a sunken log. Fortunately they were going slowly, and Roll hastily backed away.

"No harm done," he said, looking overside. "But—but what's that?"

Then they all saw it at once—something like a great triangular frame with curving arms just showing above the ice of the little cove, a line of blackened, charred timber that they simultaneously recognized.

"That's it! The barge! The barge!" Matt shouted.

"That's what it surely is. The wreck of it anyway!" exclaimed Walter, shaky with sudden fear and excitement.

But were the concentrates also there? He leaned over, smashing the thin ice with the hatchet. The barge had evidently been set on fire, burned to the water's edge and sunk. She lay in shallow water, the charred top of her hull barely above the surface, unrecognizable except by close inspection, and the first snow that fell would obliterate her entirely.

The deck was all burned away, but many of the supporting timbers remained, and Walter stepped out of the boat and upon them. As he smashed the ice, the hold was plainly visible. He could see the loose ore plainly, down under a bare foot of water, rough lumps of dark rock showing here and there a metallic gleam. But this was the low-grade cargo, and he could see nothing of the bags of concentrates.

He knew they had been loaded last, and they should be on top, nearest the big hatch. He secured a long pole from shore, broke away the ice, and prodded down into the cargo along the whole length of the barge's hull. Nothing was there but loose rock. The concentrates were gone.

He leaped ashore and threw down the pole, furious with disappointment.

"They're gone, of course!" he exclaimed. "We might have known it when we saw the wreck. They're miles away, likely."

Roll had forced the Kingfisher up to the shore through the thin ice, and he landed with Matt, both of them heavy faced. Matt cast a keen glance up and down the shore.

"There's been a fire yonder," he remarked and approached the pile of ashes a few yards away. "Several days ago. Been three or four men here, I should think," he added, with his nose close to the ground.

"I dare say," said Roll. "It must have taken those high-graders quite a while to burn and sink the barge and unload the ore into their own boat and get away with it."

Walter said nothing, in blank discouragement. The wreck of the barge and the low-grade ore were hardly worth finding. But Matt continued to inspect the frozen earth, working all about the beach like a hound, and finally moving back toward the clumps of dense, low evergreen that covered the island.

"Hard place for trailing," he called back. "But there's been a good deal of travel up and down this shore. Come and see what you make of it."

Walter felt no particular interest in the trails of the ore pirates, but he moved listlessly to join Matt. His only idea now was that the quest was over. Nothing was left but to go back to Georgeport, reporting failure. He glanced down at the plain marks of heavy boots that made almost a beaten path toward the thickets.

"Now, I wonder—" Matt muttered, straightening up and glancing round. He walked forward a few yards through the scattered thickets up to the dense edge of continuous jungle that covered the island. It was almost as close as a wall. He thrust his head into it, tore the cedar branches aside and plunged forward; and the next instant he emitted a shriek of excitement.

Startled, Roll and Walter rushed after him. They broke unexpectedly through the green wall. There was a hollow inside. A round space like a chamber had been cut out of the inside of the thicket and was piled with the severed cedar and hemlock branches, smelling powerfully of resin.

Matt was dragging these wildly aside, flinging them out of his way. Something was underneath them. As the layers of green fronds came away Walter caught a glimpse of a great mass of brown, of a heap of bulging sacks, piled up like cordwood.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DRAWN BY  
JOSEPH FRANK



Matt was dragging these wildly aside



# FACT AND COMMENT



**YOU CANNOT HOPE** to console one who is in grief unless you have known grief yourself.

If Spiteful Words be said to give you Pain,  
Forget them, and the Spite is spent in Vain.

**TO POSTPONE** is not to settle. If an evil exists, you cannot remedy it by letting it accumulate and corrupt still further the individual or the community.

**THE CORSET MANUFACTURERS** are distributing propaganda to encourage the use of the corset as indispensable to a woman's health, proper carriage and distinguished appearance. The surprising thing is that there are any corset manufacturers left.

**IT IS STRANGE** that none of the traffic experts who are trying to work out some means of dealing with the congestion of automobiles in the streets of our great cities has suggested removing all the buildings. Nothing short of that seems likely to meet the case.

**THE RICH NEW YORK** philanthropist who sought the advice of the public about the best way to spend his money so as to do the most good with it got twenty-five hundred letters the first day. All but fifty of his correspondents wanted money for themselves or their own projects; which indicates how widely accepted is the old proverb, "Charity begins at home."

**IF YOU ARE CAUGHT** in a thunderstorm, it is probably safer to stand out in the open and take your medicine than to seek shelter under a tree. Lightning loves a tree, especially if it stands by itself, well away from other trees. But if you don't like the idea of getting wet, at least choose a beech tree to flee to, and above all avoid the oaks. Oaks are struck by lightning more frequently than any other kind of tree, whereas beeches are struck so rarely that they seem almost immune. So when you take your walks abroad mark and remember where the beech trees are.

**NOT ALL THE NEWS** in the daily papers is depressing. In the midst of reports of crime and misery there shines out, now and then, some glowing deed that lights a whole page. A truck driver for a New York furniture company collected \$2840 on C. O. D. deliveries and lost the money before he could turn it in. He was telling his story to his employer when a telephone call came from his wife, who said there was a man at the house with some good news for him. It proved to be a wealthy manufacturer who had found the pocketbook. When the driver offered him a reward he only laughed and said: "It's pretty hot here in town. Your wife and children seem to be suffering. How would you like to have me send them up to my country place for a good rest?"

## PASSING IT ON

**IT** is interesting and profoundly significant to see how certain ideals that have come down to us from classic, and even from still earlier, times persist in the face of our modern, materialistic civilization.

Take the symbol of the torch, for example. Four boys, members of the Young Men's Christian Association, chosen for their mental alertness and physical competence, started the other day to bear the Y. M. C. A. torch of Light, Leadership and Loyalty in relays across the country. It was not an actual torch that they carried. No flame leapt or flared above it, and it gave no light that the physical eye could perceive. It was a symbolic torch, carved in wood in the old Greek design, and its message, borne on slips of paper concealed in the handle, was purely spiritual.

Almost on the same day, as a part of the celebration of the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, the first relay of six runners started at midnight from the historic citadel of Verdun in France, bearing torches that they delivered at intervals of two miles to other runners, until the last one reached the outstretched hand of a veteran of the Great War, standing under the Arc de Triomphe in Paris.

That splendid figure of the torch has come down to us from the childhood of the race. It takes us back to a period when fire was hard

to kindle and difficult to keep alight. Therefore it was a precious thing, to be guarded at whatever cost and forwarded in the face of every obstacle. Those who had received the fire from others who had gone before were in duty bound not only to use it themselves but to pass it on undimmed to those who should come after them.

It is the world's noblest allegory of service. As those boys might not let the torches out of their hands until they placed them in the hands of the next in line, and as they might travel only on foot, so everyone of us on whom the past has bestowed its great gifts is in duty bound not only to use those gifts himself but to pass them on and to do it in the sweat of his face. We fail if we do no more than use the light while it is ours. We succeed only when we fan it to a brighter glow by the steadiness and strength of our running and pass it on.

## GOLF AMONG THE CRITICS

**NOTHING** human is safe from criticism. Golf is a delightful outdoor game, for which everyone, physicians included, seemed to have a good word to say—except on the ground of its expensiveness, which is

more the fault of greens committees than of the game itself. But voices are beginning to be uplifted against golf. An English editor, Mr. Maxse, is particularly severe. He views with alarm the state of British athletics. In tennis, in polo, in the track sports, in football even, he sees the prestige of old England gone or going. Americans, Frenchmen, Finns, New Zealanders, people from almost every breed, lesser as well as greater, are soundly beating the British athletes whenever they meet them. Brushing aside all other explanations of this discouraging state of things, Mr. Maxse lays it all to the prevalence of golf. He calls it a leisurely, stupid sort of game that women and children and old men can play about as well as anyone. The young men, who ought to be doing something more active and dangerous, have yielded to its soporific spell. British manhood is decaying before Mr. Maxse's eyes, and golf is to blame.

On the other hand, an American journalist, Mr. Samuel G. Blythe, is attacking golf as a dangerous pastime for middle-aged and elderly. He is sure it is too strenuous for most men of forty-five or over. It overtaxes the heart and is responsible for many premature deaths. He is not concerned because the young are not taking enough violent exercise, but because the old are

taking too much. The fine old sport of bowling on the green is his prescription, though for those who prefer it he would, we imagine, permit indulgence in the pastime of pitching horseshoes at a stake.

Golf is not without its defenders, however. In England no less an advocate than Earl Balfour arose to confute Mr. Maxse; and he had no difficulty in proving, to his own satisfaction at least, that golf, as a game which develops urbanity, self-control and good judgment at the same time that it exercises the muscles and the vital organs pleasantly and beneficially, is the king of outdoor sports. Earl Balfour is a Scotsman and a philosopher. Golf is clearly the game for him. We gather that he is less disturbed than the excitable Mr. Maxse about the comparative inferiority of modern English athletes. It's a good exchange, he would say. Britain can do with less violent and hazardous sport, if it can grow wise and philosophical and patient under a régime of golf.

It is obvious that unless golf is bad always and for everybody the criticisms of Mr. Maxse and Mr. Blythe cannot both be just. If as exercise it is not violent enough, it can hardly also be too violent. As a matter of fact, it is probably healthful exercise for all who engage in it, unless there is a diseased heart in question. If we were managing a life insurance company, we should rather take a risk on a golf player than on a polo player or a rowing man or a long-distance runner; at the same time it is perhaps true that a race which aspires to maintain a world-wide empire is more likely to find its best instruments among the polo players than among the golf players.

As for the old fellows, golf—in moderation—will not hurt them. It certainly has not injured old Mr. Rockefeller, who still plays at eighty-six. Yet we can imagine that bowling on the green might have its charms, too. Those of pitching horseshoes we have experienced and can testify to. And such games are certainly inexpensive. They do not require a bagful of costly clubs or a hundred-acre estate or an elaborate clubhouse for their enjoyment. There is much to be said for them especially in the era of economy toward which our President is patiently trying to lead us.

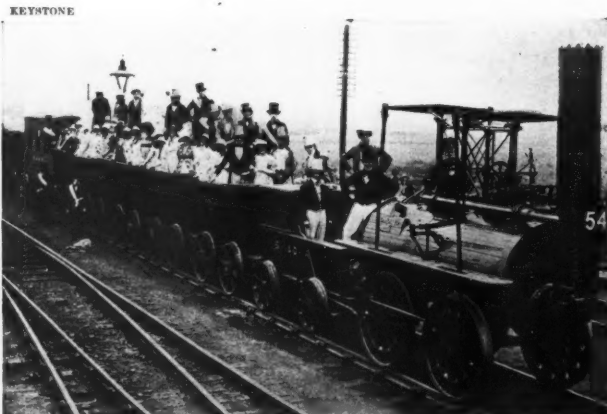
## THE STARS THIS WEEK

**OVERHEAD**, just a little west of the brilliant star Vega, described last week, is a large, sprawling array of stars that were grouped together by the ancient astronomers as the constellation Hercules. It is a region rich with stars, and the diagram can show only those which are most helpful in outlining the constellation. One does not always choose a time when a constellation is directly overhead to study it, but in this case the figure is seen at its best by an observer lying down with his feet to the north. It is only thus and at this time of year that the giant can be seen in a natural position.

When you have found Vega, look to the west, a distance almost as far as the extended hand held at arm's length will cover, and find the four stars that mark the corners of a keystone-shaped figure. This is indicated by connecting lines in the drawing.

Above this keystone (in the south) the giant's head and shoulders are marked out by three more stars, and from the two stars that form the shoulders the uplifted arms can be followed, for there are plenty of stars not shown. The southernmost star is the Alpha of this constellation, and it marks the head. Just east of it is another Alpha that marks the head of the neighboring giant, Ophiuchus, who stands the other way, to the south, struggling with a serpent. This pair of Alphas are called Rasalgethi (head of the Kneeler) and Rasalhague (head of the Serpent Tamer).

The solar system appears to be moving in the direction of this constellation; so as you lie looking at it you may imagine yourself borne straight upward at a rate of about a dozen miles a second. But even at this rate at least a hundred thousand years would be



A reproduction of the first railway train drawn by the original engine, Locomotion No. 1

## A CENTURY OF RAILWAYS

**THIS** has been a remarkable year for centennials, single, multiple and fractional. One of the most notable is the completion of a hundred years since the first railway train, carrying passengers, traveled at the alarming speed of more than ten miles an hour, between Stockton and Darlington, in England. It was on September 27, 1825, that this extraordinary event occurred. A little locomotive, developed by George Stephenson from the crude machines that had for several years been used to draw loads of coal or ore about the mines of Yorkshire, drew a train of open wagons—flat cars, we should call them today—over the strap-iron rails and brought its freight of human beings safely to their destination, much to the chagrin of those skeptics who had declared such a feat impossible.

It was a great occasion, greater far than those who observed it appreciated. It was the first step in an absolute revolution in transportation, the precursor of a succession of startling triumphs by mankind over the limitations of time and distance. It ushered in the age of speed, and speed is one of the most distinctive features of the new civilization. In 1825 man traveled afoot or with the aid of a horse much as he had traveled for thousands of years; no faster, and hardly more comfortably. Since 1825 scarcely a year has passed in which he has not discovered some astonishing means of accelerating his speed or of adding to the luxury of travel. The railway has been one of the most potent influences in making over the world into what it is today—so unlike the world our forefathers knew.

They have already celebrated the centenary of the railway in England, with interesting historical exhibits of all the steps through which engines and cars and signal devices have passed during this hundred years. One of the features of the celebration at Stockton was a trip by Stephenson's old locomotive, Locomotion No. 1, over the same route it followed in 1825. It drew a train of cars like those it drew on its first journey, filled with ladies and gentlemen dressed in the costumes of a century ago. Thousands watched it trundle along and raised hearty cheers in honor of the puffing old veteran.

Many of those thousands came to the scene in comfortable and speedy motor buses and, as they journeyed, saw in the skies above them airplanes rushing along at a pace that no locomotive can hope to equal on tracks of steel. Did they stop to wonder what novelties and improvements in transportation the next hundred years would have to offer? Did they ask themselves what place the railway would have in the world of men at the end of the next century? No doubt some of them did. It is hard for us to see how civilization can get along without the railway. It performs services that we cannot quite imagine motor cars and trucks or airplanes and dirigible balloons taking over. And yet—it is a bold man who dares predict what the ingenuity of man will accomplish. A hundred years has brought the railway from a curiosity to an essential element in civilization. Will another hundred make it a curiosity again, an antiquated contrivance that mankind is ready to discard? Who can tell?



necessary to carry us into the neighborhood of these stars.

Next Sunday, the 23d, the moon passes just above the planet Venus. You can note the change in their distance as the evening passes. Such "lunar distances" were formerly used by navigators for determining time.

### THIS BUSY WORLD

NEW BEDFORD, Massachusetts, has a right to be proud of its record in the matter of fatal automobile accidents. Its death rate from that cause for 1924 was less than 10 for every hundred thousand of population. No other city did so well; the average was 19, and some cities showed a rate above 30. The death rate from automobile accidents in the cities under investigation was 14.6 per hundred thousand population in 1920. It appears to be steadily rising, though in proportion to the number of automobiles licensed it is probably pretty nearly stationary.

THE unhappy arrangement by which the Turks expelled all the Greeks from Asia Minor and the Greeks expelled all the Turks who happened to live in Macedonia, to the infinite suffering and impoverishment of both classes of people, has been repeated in Upper Silesia. There the Poles have turned out all the Germans who inhabited the part of Silesia that was made Polish territory, and the Germans have retaliated by expelling all the Poles who live in their part of the province. Both episodes are illustrative of the embittered nationalism that disturbs Europe and offer little encouragement to those who hoped that the war would exorcise such passions and persuade hostile peoples of the folly and peril of their mutual hatreds.

THE city of Greenfield, Indiana, where James Whitcomb Riley lived as a boy, has raised the money for a unique memorial to the favorite Hoosier poet. It has bought sixty acres of land along Brandywine Creek surrounding the "old swimmin' hole" that was the subject of one of Riley's earliest and most delightful poems. The land will be preserved for park purposes, and the old swimming hole will never be defiled or destroyed by the necessities of industry or the growth of population.

A PLAN is on foot to raise the money for the carving of Mr. Gutzon Borglum's design, originally intended for the Confederate memorial at Stone Mountain, on the precipitous cliffs that overlook Chimney Rock Gorge in Rutherford County, North Carolina. Mr. Borglum, our readers will remember, had a misunderstanding with the association that is supplying the money for the Stone Mountain project and withdrew from that undertaking. Mr. Augustus Lukeman is the sculptor chosen to succeed him. The Chimney Rock cliffs are said to be quite as striking a background for heroic sculpture in relief as Stone Mountain itself.

DOCTOR GYE, the English physician and investigator whose part in the recently reported discovery of a cancer virus we have recorded, is the son of poor, working-class parents, and he has won his way upward by tireless work and extraordinary persistence. He was, as a youth, a railway porter and saved enough from his trifling wages to get the education he needed to become a school teacher. From his earnings in that profession he saved the money for a medical education. He served in the medical corps during the war and is now on the staff of the Medical Research Council.

BESIDES urging on the European powers the wisdom of permitting China to control its own tariff laws and of surrendering the right to have foreigners in China tried for any offenses they may commit in courts made up of European or American justices, President Coolidge has taken this moment to use the authority given him by Congress to remit the unpaid balance on the indemnity that China agreed to pay after the Boxer rebellion of 1900. That balance, amounting to \$6,137,552, will be put at the disposal of the China Foundation for the Promotion of Education and Culture established last year by order of the President of China. These acts of our own President ought to strengthen the good feeling that has long existed among intelligent Chinamen for the United States.

# CHRYSLER SIX

## The New Chrysler Six, with Startling New Results

Startling new results are attained in the new Chrysler Six—results made possible by the kind of engineering and manufacturing genius which never rests satisfied.

Walter P. Chrysler and his staff of brilliant engineers, with the fine Chrysler manufacturing facilities, had every excuse—every reason, some might say—to rest on the laurels their cars have won. Inevitably, the great tide of public approval would have carried the Chrysler Six to still more conspicuous success.

But Mr. Chrysler, his producing organization and his engineers have never relaxed for a moment their labors to emphasize and enhance its wonderful performance qualities.

The most surprising thing about this greater Chrysler Six is not its new lower price—remarkable though that achievement is.

Its most impressive feature is the amazing ability which succeeded in improving the quality and the performance of a car that everywhere had

met with overwhelming public acclaim—and which marked a revolutionary advance over all previous practice and results.

In this new Chrysler Six, the power is increased approximately 10 per cent. The 70-mile speed is more easily and quickly attained. The breath-taking get-away and acceleration are still swifter. In smoothness, this new Chrysler actually excels the former super-smoothness introduced by Chrysler.

The beauty originated by Chrysler—and which still belongs to Chrysler alone—is re-expressed in refined and attractive body lines and new body colors, with Chrysler-designed closed bodies built by Fisher.

Any attempt to describe this new Chrysler Six is bound to fail. That is why we are eager to have you drive it for yourself.

If you will do that, you will realize as we do that there is nothing in the present market, and nothing likely to appear, to equal the Chrysler Six.

The Phaeton - - - \$1395  
The Coach - - - \$1445  
The Roadster - - - \$1625  
The Sedan - - - \$1695  
The Royal Coupe - - \$1795  
The Brougham - - - \$1865  
The Imperial - - - \$1995  
The Crown-Imperial - \$2095  
F.O.B. Detroit subject to current Federal excise tax.

Chrysler Four—Touring Car, Club Coupe, Coach and Sedan—attractively priced from \$895 to \$1095, f.o.b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.



CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN  
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## A CRADLE FROM THE WOODS

By E. W. Frentz

In a snug little log cabin that stood in a bend of one of the great rivers of the north there sat one winter night nearly seventy years ago a little girl who was rocking with her foot a cradle in which lay her baby brother. It was a strange, rough cradle, for the little girl's father, John McNab, had made it himself by hollowing out half a cottonwood log with his axe; but it was lined with furs, and the baby lay warm under a soft blanket.

Outside there roared one of those fierce winter storms that the people of today call blizzards. The wind howled through the branches of the cottonwood trees overhead, the snow beat against the windows, and even the stout log walls shook with the fury of the gale; but Nancy, the little girl, was not afraid, though she was all alone. She knew that her father and mother, who had gone to the nearest Hudson Bay post for the winter's supply of food, had started early enough to get there before the storm broke. There was enough to eat in the house, and a great pile of wood lay in the corner; and if the fire went out, Nancy knew how to light it again with the flint and steel and tinder. So there was nothing to be afraid of; but it was



## SUBTRACTING

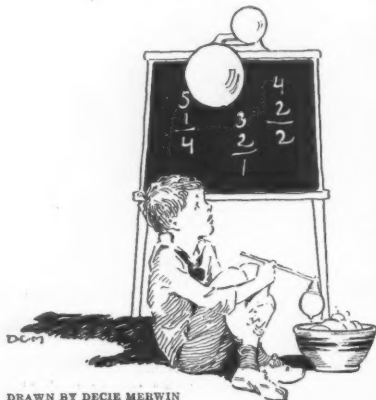
By Clara Alexander

If I blow three bubbles  
And two of them break,  
I have one remaining;  
And that's no mistake.

With four in the air  
I can take two away,  
And two will be left;  
That is easy to say.

If one I have taken  
From five in the air,  
Then four will be all  
That are left anywhere.

A lesson with bubbles  
Is easily done  
The while you discover  
Subtracting is fun!



DRAWN BY DECIE MERWIN



## THE ANGRY KITTEN

Verse and Drawing by Verna Grisier McCully

I hate to be washed, to be rubbed, to be dried.  
I hate to have soap in my eyes.  
I've scratched and I've kicked and I've certainly tried  
To run from this bath I despise.

I'd rather be black and all smudgy, or gray,  
Than go through this dreadful ordeal.  
Why doesn't some dry cleaner think of a way?  
Meow! x Psft! x! That's how I feel!



very lonesome. She had banked the fire for the night and was getting ready for bed when a new sound startled her. It seemed like a thump on the wall near the door, and with it was another sound, not like the wind, but a kind of moaning. It died away in a moment, and Nancy thought that perhaps it was only the storm after all, and was turning again toward her bed when there came a second thump, and once more that same moaning noise.

It seemed to Nancy that her heart stood still for a moment, but when the moaning came a third time she said to herself, "It may be some one that is lost! I must open the door," and bravely she tugged at the heavy bar until it came free. The force of the wind and the rush of snow almost threw her off her feet, but in the dim light of the flickering fire, she saw that there was something huddled on the step. At first she thought it must be a wild animal, for she could see fur waving in the wind; but out of the mass came a faint voice, and as Nancy put out her hand another hand took hold of it—the hand of a woman, small and thin, and cold as ice.

With Nancy's help the woman crawled over the threshold into the room, and by using all her strength Nancy got the door closed and the bar in place across it. When she turned she saw that the woman on the floor was a young squaw, and that under her blanket, rolled in many thicknesses of flannel, was a baby—a baby so thin, so cold, so still that Nancy thought it must be dead.

She tried to help the woman to a chair, but she shook her head and held up the baby instead. Nancy took

it and laid it on the hearth till she could stir the fire to life and put water on to heat. Then she unwrapped the folds of flannel and began to chafe the little body with her warm hands. When the water was hot she wrung out cloths and laid them to the child's feet and hands, until at last, in about an hour, it opened its eyes and set up a faint and pitiful little whimper. There was broth on the shelf, and when Nancy had warmed it she fed it little by little both to the mother and to the child; and before the morning came they slept, the woman curled up on the floor by the hearth, the baby snuggled in her arms.

It was two days before Nancy's father and mother reached home, and it was a week after that before the Indian woman was fit to go on her way again; but by that time they had learned her story. Her name in the Cree language meant the Wild Rose. She had been coming down the river to the post with her husband, and he had fallen through the ice and was drowned. Alone and without food, and with the baby in her arms, she had traveled nearly a hundred miles. Though she was quiet and gentle, she had little to say and spoke no word of thanks, and one morning when the family awoke she was gone.

It hurt Nancy to think that the woman could go without saying "Thank you" or even good-by, but her father said, "It is their way, child. Indians are like that. They say little, but they do not forget. You will hear from the Wild Rose yet."

And so it was, for the next summer she came one day, still quiet and gentle, saying little but smiling much, and left a tiny pair of beauti-

fully beaded moccasins for Nancy's baby brother; and every summer after that she came, always with some little gift that she left usually without a word.

Ten years passed. Nancy, herself grown to be a young woman, married and moved away farther west to a log home of her own, to which, in time, there came a blue-eyed girl baby that, like Nancy's little brother, had to be rocked in a cradle made from a hollowed log, because there was no other. But one day when Nancy had been helping her man at his work in the fields she came back to the cabin and found the log cradle set aside and her baby sleeping in the most beautiful papoose basket that she had ever seen. It was made of the finest split willow and tough grasses; and there was a pattern dyed in soft browns and yellows woven into it; and round the child was wrapped a tiny blanket of white rabbit skin, and on the baby's breast lay a single wild rose.

Nearly fifty years have passed since then, but every first child in the families of Nancy's children and grandchildren has spent at least a few days of its babyhood in the Indian basket cradle, and in each of the families there is a girl named Rose. Something that was woven into the basket has kept the colors of the pattern from fading to this day.



## THE WISHBONE

By Winifred L. Bryning

Said Peter, who dwelt by the  
Zuyder Zee,  
"Gretel, come make a wish  
with me.  
You must not tell the wish you  
make  
Or the magic spell will surely  
break."  
So Gretel wished for a fancy  
dress,—  
A selfish wish, I must confess,—  
And Peter shut his eyelids tight  
And wished and wished with  
all his might.  
He wished that Gretel's wish  
might be  
Fulfilled for Gretel happily.  
And when the bone snapped,  
Peter had  
The bigger end, which made  
him glad,  
For Gretel's wish must then  
come true.  
I think that he was kind, don't  
you?



DRAWN BY GERTRUDE SULLIVAN



## RADIO

By Ruby Weyburn Tobias



There's a big broadcasting station in our oak tree,  
And you may tune in any time when you're an  
hour free:  
You'll hear the world's great singers, whose titles  
none dispute,  
Accompanied on the fairy harp and on the fairy  
flute.

Lovely Lady Vireo, arrived from Argentine,  
Sings enchanting arias, with choruses between;  
Sings of tropic forests, green islands in blue seas;  
With tilted encore lullabies of cradles in the trees.

Blithe young Linnet spills his soul in canticles of  
love;  
Modest Master Thrush consents his matchless  
skill to prose;  
Handsome Mr. Bluebird gives the opera éclat,  
And hark! The Lark sends forth a note as lovely as  
a star!

Gay Bob White and M. Goldfinch perform in  
happy strain,  
One, with bright staccato solo, one with sweet re-  
frain—  
All the southland's brooding charm immortalized  
in trills,  
All the chorals of the northern plains and woods  
and hills.

There is news from nearer home, of course, as you  
will note—  
Progress of the valley crops from J. Crow's rau-  
cous throat;  
Jenny Wren will advertise the little homes to let;  
Robin will prognosticate the weather, dry or wet!

And if you wait, and if you listen very carefully,  
Some morning, to the symphony from out the old  
oak tree,  
You'll hear one clear ecstatic note that rises far  
above  
The choral and the orchestra—the song of parent  
love!

Small excited twitterings, and fluttering of wings;  
All the waking rapture of all the bygone springs;  
Listen! Listen carefully—and yet you need not  
try;  
You'll hear it—you are tuning in on JOY!

I'm sorry for the lad and lass who have no old oak  
tree;  
You're welcome, any time, to mine, the aerial is  
free;  
And if you bring a listening heart, and if you  
bring an ear  
Attuned to heavenly harmony, oh, that is what  
you'll hear!

## EDUCATED EARS

WHO, in traversing a congested bay or  
river during a heavy fog, has not mar-  
veled at the skill of the man in the pilot  
house. Shore lines are loosed, and the boat  
emerges from her slip. It is uncanny, this  
threading the way, sometimes at high speed,  
through the impenetrable mist. Passengers on  
deck cannot see their hands before them.

As for the captain, there is, first, the com-  
pass. In clear weather he studied and noted the  
compass course. There is also the captain's  
watch, for he knows the speed of his boat and  
how long it takes to cover a given distance.  
Along with compass and watch, the man in the  
pilot house must have ears—good ears. There  
are the warning whistles of other craft and the  
bells on the buoys and on the wharves along the  
water front, each bell with its own peculiar tone  
and stroke. One-three-one, tolls a bell, and on  
hearing the 1-3-1 the captain knows that he is  
opposite a certain wharf.

Then there is the echo. It was the ability to  
read echoes that saved the captain of a North  
River ferry boat from serious mishap. Echo-  
reading is something that one man can neither  
explain nor impart to another. Yet one can be-  
come very clever at it, as the writer learned  
while crossing the river in a fog. There was a  
medley of whistles and bells on the water; it  
seemed a chaos of sound to the inexperienced  
guest in the pilot house.

Three minutes out of the slip, the captain  
put his weathered face out over the top of the  
lowered window, at the same time sounding the  
whistle. His face was tense. Suddenly, a look of  
perplexity on his face, he rang for slowed en-  
gines. Almost immediately he signaled for re-  
versed engines. His trained ear had detected  
something that caused uneasiness. The whistle  
shrieked out a warning blast. Had there been a  
boat out there, the other captain should have  
answered. There was no answering signal. The  
layman concluded that nothing was amiss.

"There's something dead ahead of me," de-  
clared the pilot with conviction. "There's no  
answer—but I know I'm right. I get an echo  
from something."

With that the captain rang for all speed

astern, and the boat, windows all a-tremble,  
came to a stop and then began to back away.

"There! Look!"  
The fog had lifted a little. On deck came  
cries from frightened passengers. Just ahead,  
not ten feet from the bow, towered a huge steel  
scowboat. It was one of a long tow of empty  
barges, and it had broken loose. The lumbering  
craft drifted across the ferry boat's bow and off  
into the fog.

When the mist had lifted and the captain was  
no longer under a strain the landsman remarked  
that he had heard no echo resounding back  
from the scow. The pilot chuckled.

"But it was plain enough. God gave us ears,  
but we don't always train them. It's a matter of  
an educated hearing. Sometimes my boys get  
tired of school. Then I admonish them that  
trained mind and faculties make the difference  
between getting ahead in the world and just  
dragging through."

## GARDEN GEOGRAPHY

A GARDEN, delightful as it is in actual  
fact, is full of suggestion of all sorts of  
interesting things beyond its material  
boundaries. There are the associations of  
flowers and gardens with literature, and in a  
lesser but fascinating degree with history; and  
there is one gardener at least, mistress of only  
a little garden, from which she is rarely able to  
travel far, whose flowers—and some of them  
those accounted the most common and domesti-  
cated—continually invite her to picture in  
her mind the far and foreign lands, the tower-  
ing mountains, the spacious plains, the  
tangled forests, the chill glacial valleys, the  
hot and steaming marshes from which they  
originally came.

"Here's a handful of nasturtiums," she will  
say. "Good to look at, good to smell, good for  
prosaic pickles. Their ancestors came from  
Chile. Sort of neighbors, maybe, to that marvel  
of Peru: the name tells where that came from.  
Iceland poppies too, and African marigolds,  
and China asters, and damask roses,—that's  
Damascus, of course,—and Persian lilac; and  
as for Japan, there are all sorts of things:  
Japanese barberry, Japanese snowball, Japa-  
nese dwarf maple, Japanese plum, Japanese  
cherry, Japanese iris."

"Iris, now; there's nothing lovelier or more  
interesting. It's a flower of history and romance  
—the fleur-de-lis of ancient royal France, the  
lily of Florence, the flower-de-luce of Shake-  
speare and the English poets, and one of the  
flowers honored by Japan, in company with  
the cherry blossom and the chrysanthemum.  
And think, too, of all the places where it grows  
that have sent us the many beautiful kinds we  
can have, even in a little garden like mine.  
There's German iris, and English iris, and  
Spanish iris, and Japanese iris, and Siberian  
iris—I've all those right here."

"We used to think of Siberia, when I was a  
little girl, as a land of exiles and wolves and  
snowdrifts; but you'll find 'Siberia' tucked on  
to a fine lot of names in the catalogues."

"Iceland poppies and Siberian iris! I suppose  
it isn't really cold there when they're in bloom,  
but I'm going to pick you a few; it sounds so  
cool and comforting on a hot day to have some-  
thing from Siberia and Iceland!"

"Take a look round your garden when you  
go home and study its ancestral geography a  
bit, my dear. I promise you'll find it worth  
while."

WHEN LAFAYETTE LAID THE  
CORNERSTONE

THE seventeenth of last June was the one  
hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the  
battle of Bunker Hill, and the one hun-  
dredth anniversary of the day when the  
Marquis de Lafayette laid the cornerstone of  
the monument that marks the site of the battle  
and Daniel Webster delivered his famous ora-  
tion there. Too late to be printed at that time,  
a letter has reached us from a subscriber that  
seems to us interesting enough to be given to  
our readers now:

One hundred years ago a boy thirteen years  
old was waiting in a great crowd in the streets  
of Charlestown. It was June 17, 1825,  
and a wonderful event was about to  
take place. The famous General Lafay-  
ette was to lay the cornerstone of  
Bunker Hill Monument. The little  
boy was interested because his grand-  
father and three granduncles had part  
in that battle, and a grandaunt helived  
with had told the boy many incidents  
of the time—how her father gave  
marsh hay from his meadows to bind  
on the cart wheels when the Ameri-  
cans built the fortifications the night  
before the battle, so that the British  
would not hear the noise of the wheels  
as the carts went up and down the  
hill. And the day of the battle, when  
the Americans had no more ammu-  
nition and ceased firing, the old men,  
the fathers, became so uneasy that  
they armed themselves with scythes  
and pitchforks and marched to help,  
but, meeting the Americans retreating,  
they came back with them. This little  
boy could remember the names of some  
of those old men—Barbe Turner,  
Capt. Tanner Hall, Hatter Hall, Jona-  
than Bishop, a Mr. Floyd, Cherry  
Buckin, Ben Cutter, the Rev. Mr.

Osgood, a Presbyterian minister, and among  
others his great-grandfather. With this ancestry  
the boy thought he had a right to be up in  
front; so, pushing his way through the crowd,  
dodging under men's elbows, he stood at last  
by the side of General Lafayette. The boy  
years afterwards would describe the scene:

"General Lafayette wept all the time he was  
laying the stone. The tears just ran or slipped  
off his cheeks. He was a small, dark man, very  
lame, limped when he walked. Banners were  
stretched across the streets with this verse on  
them:

"We bow not our heads,  
We bend not the knee,  
But our hearts, Lafayette,  
We surrender to thee."

How I wish I had a picture of that little  
patriotic American boy and General Lafayette  
as they stood side by side, the boy full of pride  
for the part his ancestors had in the battle of  
Bunker Hill, the great Lafayette shedding  
tears for comrades of the past—because the  
little boy grew up, married and became my  
father.

## THE WIDOW GIBSON'S TEXT

"WHAT'S put you into such a fury of  
work, Kellup?" demanded Deacon  
Hyne as he came round the corner of  
the shed and discovered Caleb Peaslee busily  
hammering. "It sounded over at my place 'sif  
you had a gang of carpenters at work  
here. What's got into ye?"

"I had the lumber," replied Mr.  
Peaslee succinctly, and I had the  
time, and I had the work needin' to  
be done—and so I'm doin' it. More'n  
that, I had somethin' to give me the needed  
shove to start me workin'."

"I've been needin' a new shed for some of my  
farmin' tools for over a year, but I ain't done it.  
You know how it is when a man don't want to  
do a job; he c'n find fifty reasons for puttin' it  
off where he can't scare up one that'll make him  
do it. That's the way it was with me; I'd rather  
c'mplain and fret over not havin' a place for  
things than to do a little work."

"I shouldn't s'pose," he went on, "that, if  
you was to put the question to her plump, the  
widow Gibson would say she had any influence  
on folks one way or another, she's such a quiet,  
stick-at-home body; but for all that she's the  
one that's answerable for my workin' so much  
busier'n common this mornin'."

"Answerable how?" the deacon asked.  
"Answerable this way," Caleb responded.  
"There she is, an old lady and all alone, with  
nobody to do a hand's turn for her; and if any  
person in town has a right to c'mplain, she's the  
one, I'd say; and yit I don't r'member ever  
hearin' a peep out of her in the way with findin'  
fault; more'n likely she'd be tellin' how much  
reason she had to be thankful, if she said any-  
thing at all."

"Anyway, that was the way she looked at  
things yest' day when I happened down past her  
place and saw her draggin' a box home she had  
got somewhere—somebody'd thrown it away,  
and she fetched it home for her own use. I had  
curiosity enough to ask her what she was tug-  
gin' that thing along for, and she told me."

"I've been wantin' a few hens for I d'know  
how long," she told me, "and the other day when  
that big wind come and blowed down one end  
of my shed I was almost goin' to look at it as an  
affliction, but b'fore I fairly got to r'pinin' over  
it I had wisdom come to show me it couldn't  
have happened better for me—all I'd got to do  
when I fixed the shed was to part off a little  
place for a dozen hens or so and I'd be fixed as  
good as anybody."

"So I've cast round, and by gittin' a board  
here and a piece of timber there I've got enough  
to do it all—and all it's cost me is the labor of  
luggin' it together, for folks have been more'n  
kind about lettin' me have stuff they hadn't  
any use for; 'Bial Runnels let me pull all the  
nails I'll need out of some wreckin' lumber he  
had, so I won't have to lay out a cent for any-  
thing."

"You don't know what it is," she says to me,  
'to need and want anything like a little buildin';  
all you've got to do is to go ahead and build

## THE CURFEW



Pedestrian (to casual walking acquaintance): "Dear me, it's getting  
quite dark!"  
Casual acquaintance: "Ah, it's a long time since I've been out in  
the dark. They always shut us in early where I come from."  
—London Opinion.

what you want, with everything ready to your  
hand; it's the easiest thing in the world for you  
but with an old woman it's diff'rent; she has to  
figger and plan and lug the stuff together, and  
it takes her a long time to git what you c'n have  
with a hand's turn, you might say."

"I stood there and listened to that old lady  
tell her plans, Hyne," Mr. Peaslee asserted  
soberly, "and I don't know when I've had a  
sermon preached so plain to me as she preached  
one then—and she hadn't any notion she was  
doin' it, either; but every word she spoke hit  
the mark as straight as if it was a bullet out of a  
gun."

"I come home from there," Caleb went on,  
"with jest two strong resolves in my mind. The  
first one was to git over the way of findin' fault  
and puttin' off doin' things, even if I have to  
conquer it by littles. And the second one was to  
have, before this week comes to an end, some  
place fittin' to house my farmin' tools that  
ought to be sheltered from the weather. If an  
old woman c'n find courage and strength to  
gather together stuff enough to build somethin'  
she needs, I've got self-respect enough to go  
ahead and build somethin' that I've known the  
need of for a year. Where you goin' now?" he  
asked as the deacon turned away.

"Goin' to fix my well curb," the deacon re-  
plied shortly. "It's been needin' it for six  
months; and you ain't the only one that c'n  
apply a text!"

## TOO LARGE A TARGET

THE fact that one of the participants in a  
French duel was a very fat man gave  
opportunity, as a Paris newspaper recalls,  
for a bit of good-humored fun that may have  
saved the life of one at least of the duellists.  
The men who had quarreled and taken re-  
course to the "field of honor" were the cele-  
brated actor Dugazon and his comrade, Deses-  
sarts. Desessarts was excessively stout. When  
the two men faced each other on the "field of  
honor," pistols in hand, Dugazon exclaimed:

"Listen, I am willing to fight with you. But  
for the chances to be equal we must have an  
understanding. I am thin and scrawny, but  
you—you are an elephant." Thereupon taking  
from his pocket a piece of chalk he drew a  
large ring on the abdomen of his adversary.  
"Now," he continued, "every shot that doesn't  
land within that ring will not count."

There was a general burst of laughter. Deses-  
sarts laughed too, and instead of going on with  
the duel all went together to breakfast.

## A PACK OF CURS

THE written symbols that form our alpha-  
bet are meant to indicate the sounds of  
our language; but they do so very in-  
accurately. It is surprising to find how many  
different combinations of consonants and  
vowels are used in spelling a single common  
sound; such, for example, as that which we  
usually express by "cur." Look at this list:

Curtail	Anchor
Kernel	Kerboom
Kurrajong	Rancor
Colonel	Courtesy
Kirjath Jearim	Lacquer
Cœur d'Aleut	Liquor
Chersonesus	Liqueur

Do you know any other way of spelling this  
sound, or any other sound that is spelled in so  
many different ways?

## MOTION PICTURES AND COCONUTS

THE death of Lord Leverhulme, the man  
who made a fortune and won a title by  
making a prodigious success of the soap  
business, has set afloat in print a number of  
entertaining stories about this very able and  
resourceful merchant. One of the most amusing  
we find in the Charleston News and Courier.

Lord Leverhulme, it says, was the first  
man to become a large dealer in coconuts, the  
oil of which he needed for his soaps. It was  
always hard to get the jungle men of Africa to  
collect all the coconuts the trade required.

Since they lived in a jungle of coco-  
nuts and other free fruit, and could  
dress well (in a palm-leaf girdle) and  
keep fat without labor, what possible  
inducement could there be for them  
to go to work? Leverhulme found the  
answer. He imported American motion  
pictures into the Congo and gave a  
free show in every African village.  
That was his scheme to get the crowds  
for subsequent shows. Thereafter he  
gave movie shows every night, the  
price of admission being five coconuts.  
He soon became the coconut king.  
Doubtless he next became the soap  
king because of his virtual monopoly  
of coconut oil, an ingredient of fash-  
ionable toilet emulsions.

## JOHN'S TAXI BILL

A CHINESE taxi driver, says a  
newspaper, rendered the follow-  
ing bill to a customer:

"Bill for taxi ride—  
Ten goes  
Ten comes  
At \$0.50 a went, \$5.00."

# MONOGRAMS

THE use of monograms began at a very early date and developed and became popular until at the beginning of the Christian Era it was universal. One of the most famous monograms in the world can be traced in the recesses of the catacombs at Rome. It is composed of X (Chi) and P (Rho) the first and second letters of the Greek word for Christ.



THIS script alphabet is attractive and is valuable for its easy adaptability. Why not dress up that last dozen plain handkerchiefs you bought with an initial in the corner of each,



or those gay little tea napkins you plan to use with your new tea set at college? Wouldn't your roommate be surprised!

WITH the alphabet in the centre of the page as a basis this monogram was designed for use in embroidery. It is particularly adapt-



able to bed linens, and, if you are planning to give your mother a pair of sheets or pillow slips for Christmas, why not begin designing the monogram now? It isn't a bit too soon.

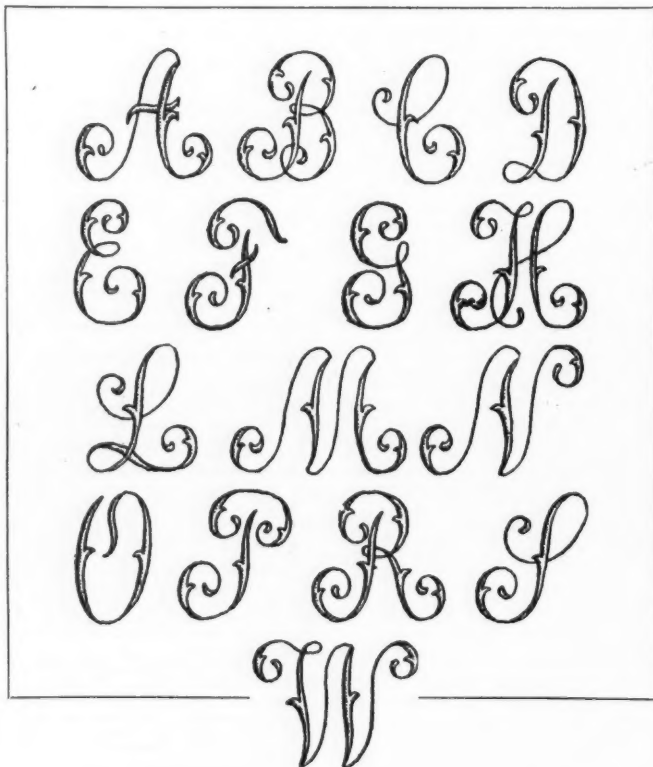
IF you like to do filet crochet or cross-stitch, you will welcome these new letters designed especially for you by Kayren Draper. If you want to do your own designing, perhaps you will

QUAINT and charming monograms give a touch of individuality and distinction to possessions of any kind—automobiles, silver, household linens, umbrella handles, toilet sets, lingerie, canoes, handkerchiefs, books, sport frocks, jewelry.

Whatever you own will seem to be all the more your own if it is stamped with your own individual monogram. And if you have designed that monogram yourself, it will be stamped with a bit of your own individual personality. Monogram-designing is a fascinating hobby, and in some cases no doubt has led the way to fame and fortune. Get some and alas! a good embroidery says they centers interwoven into form like a diphthong; forms part of one letter letter. Use as a foundation any of these alphabets or any others that you cannot draw very with thin, transparent afraid to try because you ty"—monogram-design to be possible and



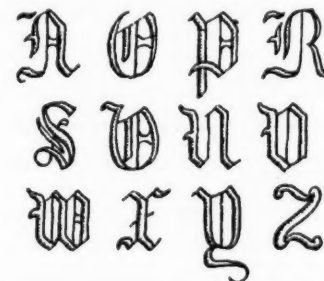
paper, a pencil, a ruler ser and try to design ly evening. The dic-sist of one or more let-one or combined in one so try to use a line that to form part of another tion any of these alpha-you can find and, if well, trace the letters tissue paper. Do not be haven't artistic abili-signing is easy enough hard enough to be fun.



EARLY Greek and Roman coins commonly have the monograms of the ruler for whom or the town in which they were struck. Sometimes the signatures of monarchs or of artists, printers, engravers and rich merchants consisted simply in their monograms, which came to be as well known as the famous people themselves. Here is an example. Do you know whose monogram it is?



LETTERS from an old English alphabet are always in good taste, but are considered a little more formal than those of the script alphabet opposite. If you are making a dozen



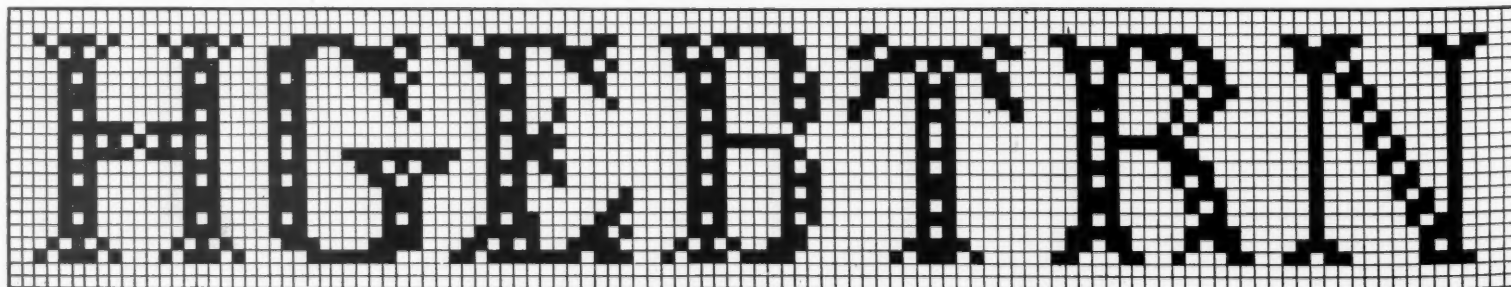
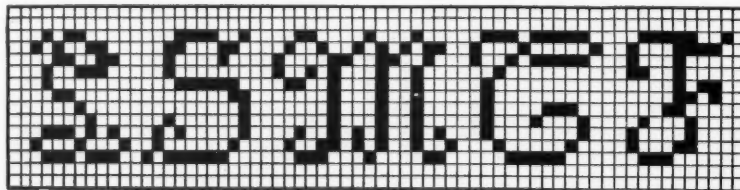
dinner napkins for an engagement present to your best friend, choose a letter from this alphabet to put in the corner of each one.

DIAMOND-SHAPED monograms are pleasing and are especially suited to towels—bath towels, hand towels and pretty little guest towels for presents or for your room at college



or—even for your hope chest! Be sure to put the last initial in the middle and, if you want to make it especially attractive, put on the finishing touch with a scalloped edge.

be glad of the suggestions you will find here. The simple, dignified letters of the bottom row work up very effectively and are a real reward for the patience and care that go into their making.







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in so doing it weakens its defense against a pass or kick.

Other conditions may favor the probability of white's passing, and still again of white's kicking. In each instance black considers the factors governing white's selection of play and

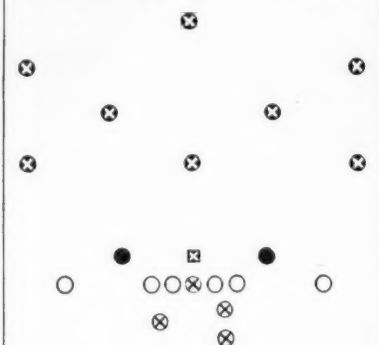


Fig. F

so arranges its defense as to be most strongly fortified against the most probable means of attack.

The main factors governing white's selection are position on the field and down and distance to go. The score, time remaining to play, surface and weather conditions are other important factors influencing the choice. Black is as

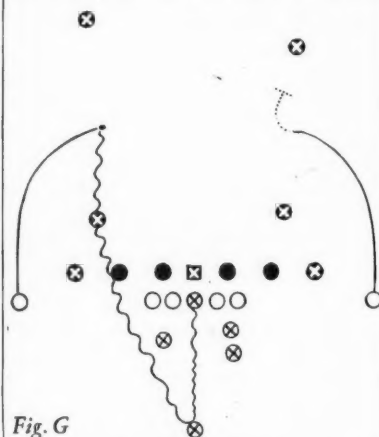


Fig. G

well informed regarding these factors as is white, and with nearly equal reasoning powers and strength should be capable of arranging its defense according to probability of play and of stopping the attack.

But suppose black gets into position to defend against a rush and then white passes; certainly white's chances of success with the pass are now greater than if black were arranged to stop

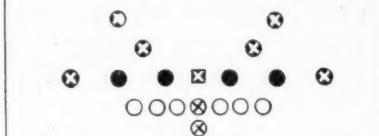


Fig. H

the pass. We will put white on black's twenty-yard line again with third down and three yards to go. Black expects a rush and closes in to stop it. (Fig. H) White passes. (Fig. E) The course of the ball is shown by the wavy line. The full solid lines indicate the movements of two of the men eligible to receive the pass.

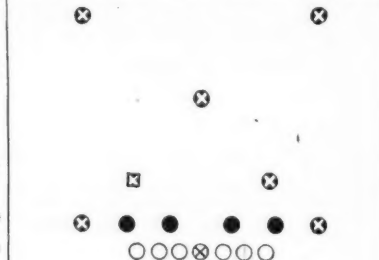
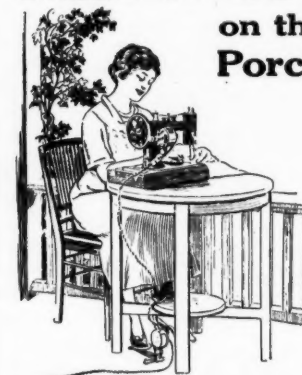


Fig. I

The right-hand player is the decoy receiver. The dotted line shows how the defensive left halfback is drawn out of position by the decoy. The chances of that pass working

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successfully are greater than if white passed when black expected a pass.

Or we will put white on black's thirty-five yard line with third down and ten to go. Black expects a pass and draws back to stop it. (Fig. 1) White rushes. (Fig. C. The lines indicate the rush and the course of the interference.) The chances of that rush gaining ground are greater than if white rushed when black expected a rush.

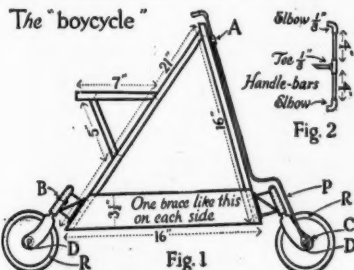
Or we will put white on its own fifteen-yard line, third down and eight to go. Black expects a kick and either draws back to receive it (Fig. A) or closes in to block it. White passes into the territory vacated on the left. (Fig. G. The lines on the right show the course of the decoy receiver who acts as interference as soon as the pass is completed.) Both the physical arrangement of black's defense and the surprise element of the play increase the chances of the completion of that pass in exactly the way that it is planned.

But, you will say, it takes daring for a team to risk throwing the ball away at opponent's twenty-yard line, third down and three to go. It takes courage to try to rush the distance with the ball on opponent's thirty-five, third down and ten to go. It requires sheer nerve for a team to pass on its own fifteen-yard line with third down and eight to go—or, for that matter, as deep as that in its own territory with any down and distance.

The answer comes: it is daring, courage and at times sheer nerve that win football games. At least three big games in 1924 were won by teams that possessed those qualities in sufficient degree to double-cross their opponents. The selection of play by the victors in these games in many instances constituted a betrayal of the traditional. The psychological effect was startling. The defense of the opponents was upset completely and the opponents themselves so demoralized by the unexpected attack that their own attack fell down. On the other side, the victors met success, not only in their plays chosen in direct violation of the usual, but in their orthodox selections as well. The simple determination to surprise the enemy instilled in them an aggressive daring that knew no failure or defeat. Attack, offense, aggression filled their minds. Everything they attempted succeeded.

It is fair to forecast that these games will have their influence and that this fall will witness football more aggressive than any in the past.

## MAKING THE "BOYCYCLE"



A—Pipe clip to support handle-bars.  
B, D—Stove bolts in position.  
C—Flattened end of iron pipe.  
P—Iron pipe bent into position.  
R—Rubber tires on casters.

THE homemade "boycycle" is a birthday gift that will completely captivate any small boy, for, sitting on the saddle and using his feet as motive power, he can propel himself rapidly along the sidewalk; if there is a gentle slope, he can coast.

For the wooden frame you will need some strips of hard wood—oak, ash, hickory or maple—seven eighths of an inch thick by three and one-half inches wide. The first figure shows the approximate lengths. In fixing the height of the seat you will, of course, be governed by the length of the boy's legs; he should be able to sit upright on the seat, with his feet just touching the ground.

After you have finished the frame, screw the three-inch bracket bed casters into the positions indicated in the figure. Those having wooden rollers are best. Drill a hole of three sixteenths of an inch through the caster bearing, as shown at B, and insert a number-eight machine screw or stove bolt of one and one-fourth inches. If you use a bolt, it is wise to put two nuts on it—the second one as a lock nut. The purpose of this bolt is to prevent the back caster from turning.

The steering gear shown in Fig. 2 requires twenty-two inches of one-eighth-inch black iron pipe, threaded at one end, two pieces of the same kind four inches long and threaded on both ends, two one-eighth-inch elbows, and one one-eighth-inch tee.

Heat the unthreaded end of the twenty-two-inch piece of pipe and pound it out flat. When it is cold drill a one-fourth-inch hole in the center of the flat surface. Then mark the pipe for bending, heat it again and bend it into the shape shown in Fig. 1. Screw the tee firmly to the other end of the pipe and attach the four-inch pieces and the elbows.

The next step is to remove the pin that holds the front roller and replace it with a one-fourth-inch carriage or tire bolt about two and one-fourth inches long. The bolt should extend through the hole drilled at C so that you can fasten the pipe to the caster by a nut and a lock nut. A one-fourth-inch iron pipe clip placed over the pipe at A as a bearing support completes the steering gear. It remains only to give the boycycle a coat of black enamel and to hang it up to dry.

The cost of making the boycycle will be little or nothing if you can pick up the materials at home and do all of the work yourself; even if you have to buy all of the materials and hire a blacksmith to do the iron work, the total cost should not exceed a dollar and a quarter.

## ADJUSTABLE WATERPROOF LEGGINGS

TO make a pair of spiral, or wrap, leggings that will always be serviceable, and that will afford complete protection from tall, wet grass and deep snowdrifts, get an old inner tube of light weight. With a pair of shears cut straight across the tube just above and just below the valve, and then clip a straight line up the seam the whole length of the tube. That will give a flat sheet of rubber about eight feet long and ten inches wide.



Cut the strip through from end to end exactly in the middle, and you will have two strips of rubber eight feet by five inches.

Get two straps fifteen or twenty inches long, without buckles, and sew one end of each to each rubber strip a little farther from the end of the rubber than the distance round the leg where the upper edge of the leggings is to come, and with the free end of the strap pointing away from the end of the rubber near which it is sewn. It is best to sew through the rubber to a piece of leather on the other side, for the rubber alone will usually tear unless it is thus reinforced. Use a big darning needle and heavy waxed thread and sew firmly.

Next take two strips of leather five inches long. Double each one through a buckle, and sew it to the same end of a rubber strip as that to which the straps have been attached. Let the strips of leather inclose the ends of the rubber strips between them and extend on in the same direction as the rubber. The leggings are now ready to use.

Begin at the ankle and wrap them firmly round the legs, as you would wind spiral leggings. The amount of lap on each turn can be so regulated that the leggings will come just below the knee, or, if the leggings are to be used in high grass, weeds or deep snowdrifts, they can be wound with less margin, to give more protection. When the full length is wound the strap fastened to each is passed round the final turn and fastened to the buckle at the end of the leggings. If the leggings are carefully and firmly applied, they will be absolutely watertight, and they will give twice the service of the best canvas or leather leggings.

## WHAT HAPPENS? THE SOLUTION

THE question which way the lower quarter of the hind wheel of an automobile is throwing the drops of water that seem to form a plume running backward has occasioned much discussion among readers of The Companion and letters received indicate that not all observers are equally trustworthy. Many are deceived by judging the motion of the drops with reference to the moving car, and they think the drops are moving backward. So they are with reference to the moving car, but with reference to the road they are all moving forward.

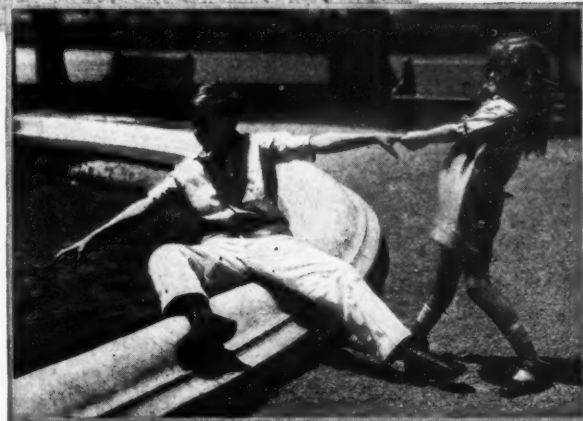
The actual path is like C. For, to take an example, if the car is going twenty miles an hour, then the rim of the wheel as a whole is going twenty miles an hour plus whatever



speed the rotation of the wheel gives it. The rotary speed is twenty miles an hour in different directions at different parts of the wheel, but nowhere except where the tire touches the roadway is the backward motion caused by rotation large enough to cancel the forward motion of the wheel as a whole. The bottom of the wheel is at rest with reference to the road and the top is going forty miles an hour. There is a point about a third of the way up where the particles that travel with the rim are going twenty miles an hour. Halfway up, however, the rim is traveling nearly thirty miles an hour, and the particles that stuck on lower down are thrown off and fall behind the wheel but go forward over the road.



(Remember these are merely printed reproductions of the real photographs.)



## Say boys! You'll make 'em sit up when you flash an Ansco Ready-Set

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When Bill catches his hook in his shoe or Shorty breaks his pole you want a camera that gets on the job right away. That's where the Ready-Set shines. For this camera is all set for you ready to shoot. No focusing. No shutter adjustments. And everyone will be surprised at the way you can take pictures without any fussing. There's no other folding camera like it.

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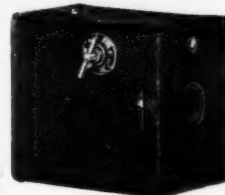


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